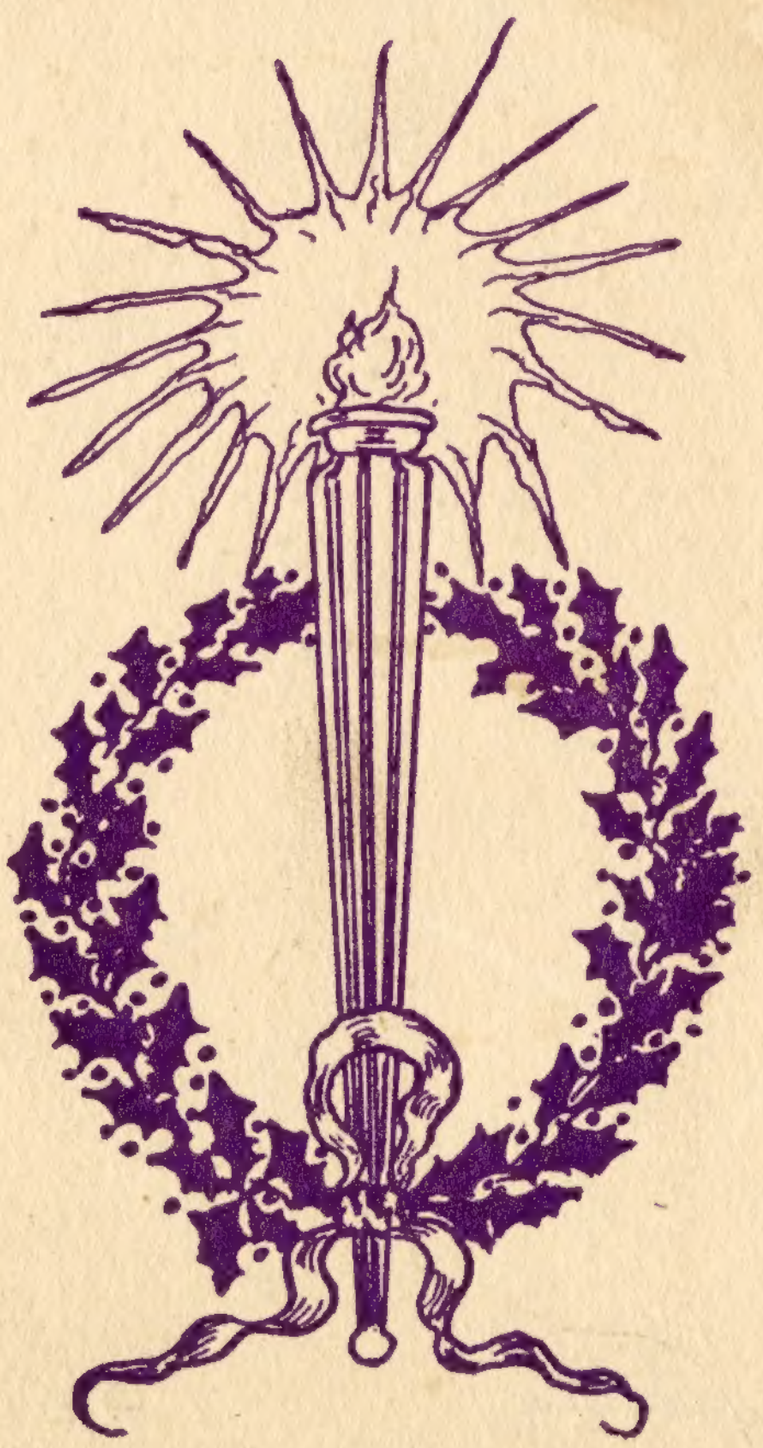
EPITOME

DECEMBER ISSUE

of the

HARORIS



Class of 1917

Jerry
Richeimer
'91

Foreword

SINCE Ira Schwartz edited the first Senior Number of the ACROPOLIS, the ensuing years have witnessed a continued growth in scope and character of the Senior A issue.

¶ The editorial board has endeavored to give an accurate and comprehensive review of the activities and achievements of our class.

¶ In pursuing this purpose we have indulged in some personalities, but we assure those thus honored, whether faculty or student body, that we have done so with "malice toward none" and with the kindliest feeling toward all.

¶ To the student body we offer this issue of the ACROPOLIS in the hope that it not only presents the history of the Senior class but that it also reflects true Barringer spirit.

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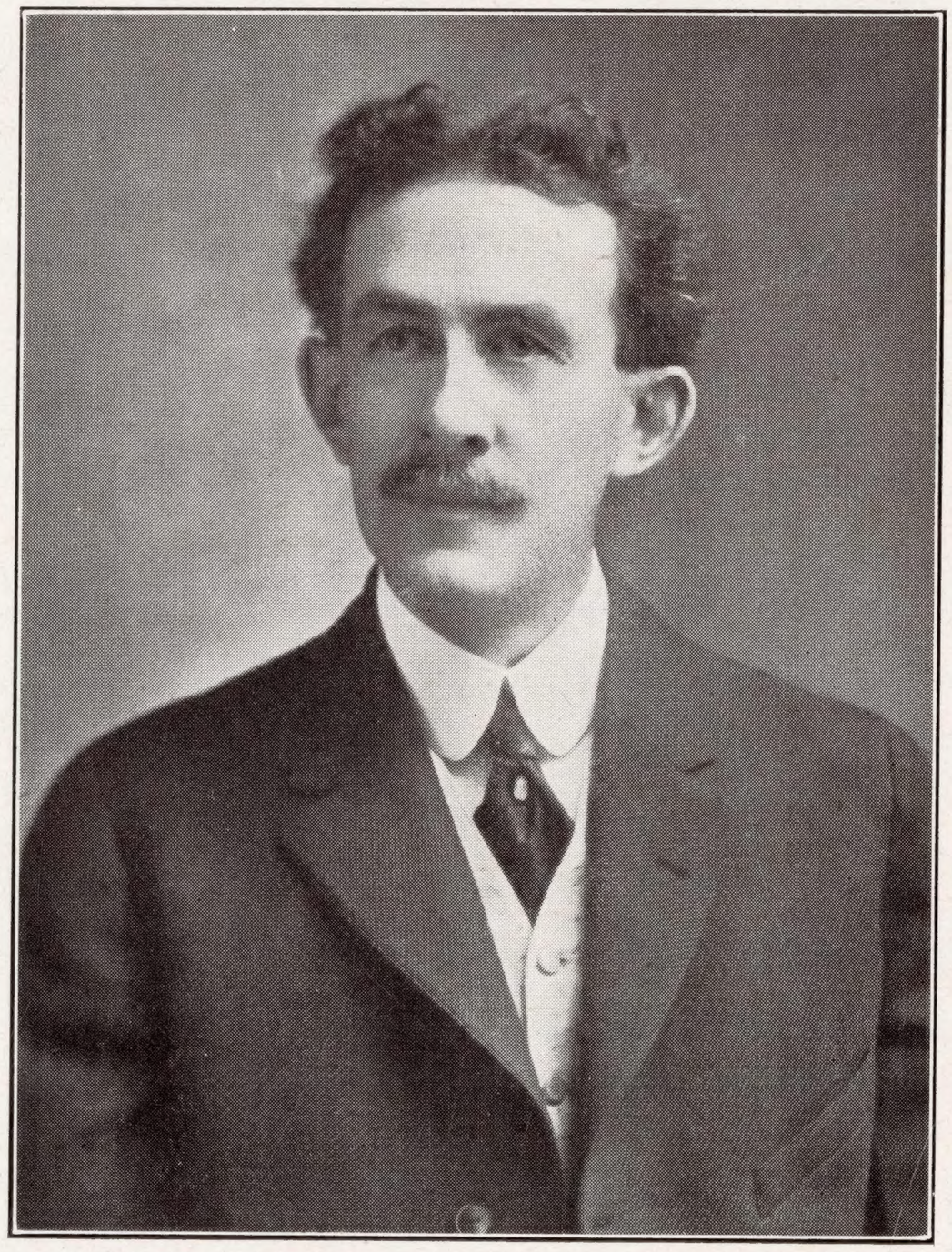
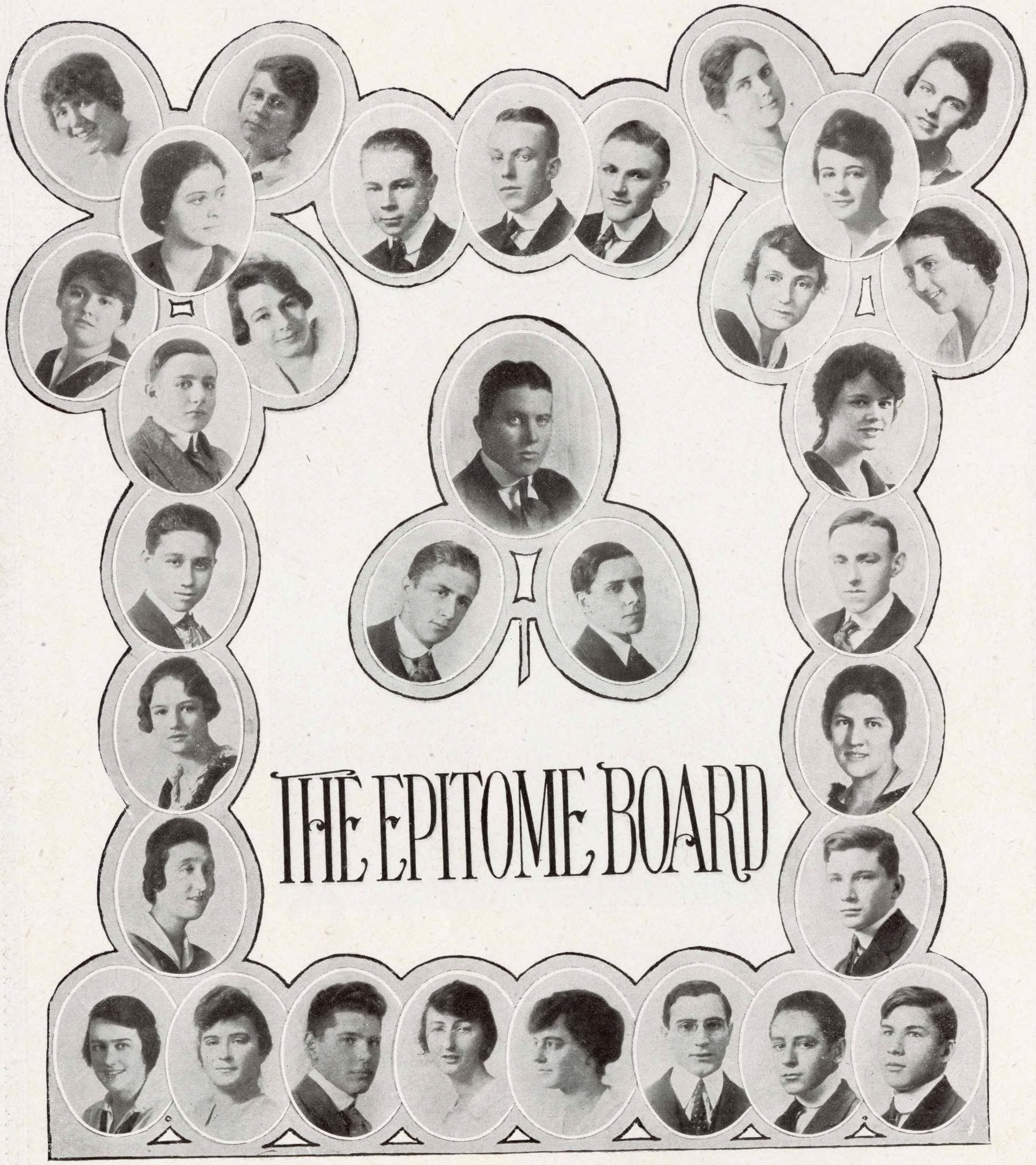
To

Frank Gaylord Gilman

a true friend, who has been to the
class of January 1917 a quiet
and steady source of ready
help, do we dedicate
this volume in ap-
preciation of
his never
failing
efforts.

Class of January 1917.



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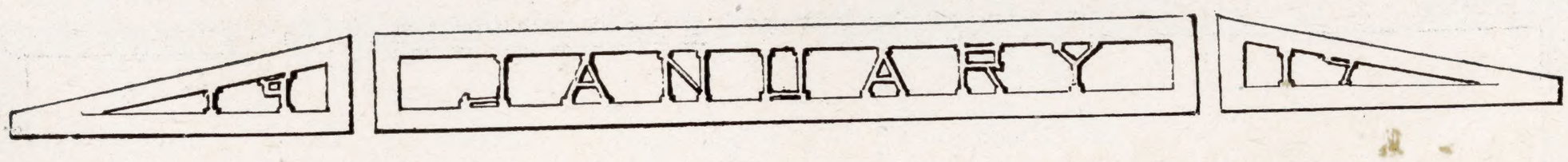


Editorials

THE BEST OF FRIENDS MUST PART.

We are now reaching our goal in the great four-year contest at high school. Within two months we shall receive our diplomas and leave Barringer? Where then? Some of us will seek further knowledge at normal school or college. Others will start sailing on the great sea of business. Let us hope the sea will be calm and free from shipwrecks for the members of the class of January, 1917.

But we shall never forget our pleasant high school days at Barringer. Although we are glad to feel that the labor of the past four or more years has not been in vain, still we are sorry to say farewell to our Alma Mater.

The entire class of January, 1917, wishes to thank Mr. Stearns for the kindly and paternal advice he has constantly given. The teachers have our heartiest thanks for their devotion to our welfare and the help they were always ready to render. We sincerely wish for Barringer athletics continual and increasing prowess in the field of athletics; we wish our new singing instructor, Miss Grace Darnell, unbounded success in instilling the charms of music into the souls and voices of future Barringerites. But above all, we trust that the standard of scholarship for which Barringer is noted will always continue to characterize the school which we are proud to call Alma Mater.

JUST ADS.

When you look at the last pages of this booklet, you will notice that there are some "ADS" there. Do you think we put them there to fill up space? We don't! We have to get "ads" to help pay for our booklet. If we had no "ads," either you would have to pay more for this issue, or the ACROPOLIS would be discontinued.

By occupying space in this number, these business firms have shown their deep interest and appreciation in Barringer. Now, in requittal, you should take note of these firms; and when you require anything, give ACROPOLIS advertisers first consideration. You may *safely do this,* for we have solicited only the best concerns; and anyway, to occupy space in this booklet is a sufficient endorsement and guarantee. So don't forget to patronize our advertisers whenever YOU have the chance.

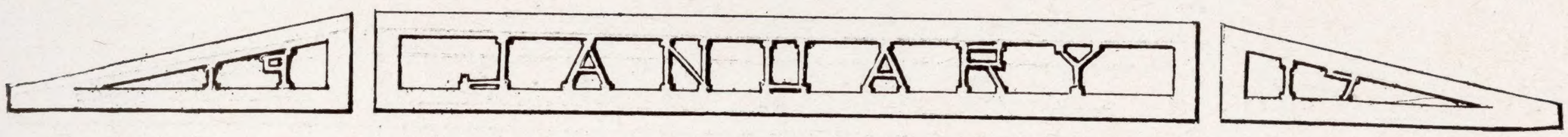
MR. MORRIS L. BARR.

We fear that at times High School students fail to express full appreciation of the time and energy so freely given by the teachers in aiding the pupils in their various activities. As we do not wish to fail in this respect, we extend to Mr. Barr our heartiest thanks for his coöperation and supervision in the preparation of this number of the ACROPOLIS.

G. O.

Why not have a G. O.? Should Barringer be behind other high schools in progressive movements? And, surely, a G. O. is a progressive step. G. O. stands for General Organization, which is composed of the whole student body.

The first thing to do, is to learn by a general vote of the school whether or not a General Organization is desired. If it is desired, the next step is the election by popular vote of a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer. As a rule, a teacher, who has had more experience in handling money, is elected treasurer, but the other offices are filled by students. Delegates to the G. O. are then elected by all the clubs and



other organizations of the school. The principal and another faculty adviser are also members of this representative body which controls all school activities. To illustrate the scope of the G. O., let us suppose that the Thalians, or any other club, wanted to give a play. They would send their delegate to the G. O. with this information. The G. O. would vote on it, and if carried, they would furnish the money for the play. If the play proved successful financially, the profits would go to the G. O.; if unsuccessful financially, the G. O. would make good the loss. In the same way, if the Senior A.'s wanted a "sociable," they would send their delegate to get the G. O.'s consent. If the request was granted, the G. O. would foot the bill.

But some one may ask, "Where is the money coming from?" In the first place, all profits from all student activities of whatever nature go into the General Organization treasury. In the second place, every member of the school, wishing to join any club or class organization of any description, must pay one fee of 25 cents into its treasury. Hence every year brings in new members with their fees.

Just think of the advantages of this organization! Instead of paying $2.00 or so in dues to help defray expenses of "Class Day," Seniors would only have to pay 25 cents and that at the beginning of their school career. Instead of worrying over who is going to pay for the staging of a play, all the Thalians would have to do is to get the consent of the G. O. and the money would be advanced. No—don't laugh and say "impossible." This plan can be worked and has been in existence for several years in two high schools of our own city. So, think it over, and, if you approve of this method of directing student activities, get busy, and stir things up.

SPANISH.

Undoubtedly we have one of the finest courses of studies to be found in any high school in the U. S. A. Most of our departments are everything they ought to be. But there is one department which lacks something, and that is the department of foreign languages. "Why that is what Barringer is noted for," you will say. That's true. All languages taught, such as German, French, Latin, Greek, are well taught. But there is one important language lacking, Spanish. It is spoken in all South American countries and is rapidly becoming the language for commerce in the western hemisphere. Our relations with Spanish-speaking people are becoming so close, that it is essential that a successful business man should know Spanish. Other high schools teach it, and it was taught in Barringer after the Spanish-American war. Why not include it in Barringer's present curriculum? We know there are many students who would eagerly grasp the chance to learn Spanish and say, as the Castilian says, *Yo deseo hablar Español.*

WILL OF CLASS OF JANUARY 1917.

Know all men by these presents, that we, the class of January 1917, Barringer High School, of the City of Newark, County of Essex, and State of New Jersey, being of sound disposing mind and memory, do hereby make and publish and declare this to be our last will and testament.

First. We give and bequeath to the school at large our learned and honorable principal, Mr. Wayland E. Stearns, who has watched and guided us through our strenuous but joyous four years at Barringer High.

Second. We also bequeath to the school our esteemed and cherished faculty who have striven to mold us into patriotic and worthy citizens.

Third. We reluctantly relinquish the key of the school to our Senior B's. Together with this we leave our much cherished seats in the auditorium to our inferior successors.

Fourth. To the Senior B's we bequeath the pleasant duty, which we have performed so faithfully, of keeping the platform bedecked with flowers.

Fifth. With pride we bequeath to Barringer High the foremost and best known paper in the East, the ACROPOLIS.

Sixth. Also we leave the numerous clubs at Barringer to the school, hoping that *even* without our coöperation they will still continue to flourish.

Seventh. To those who desire a seventh period, we bequeath the Detention Room.

Eighth. We give to the school our one-period-a-week music drills, with its orchestral and solo work.

Ninth. We bequeath to Barringer and especially to the ACROPOLIS the good will and counsel of our worthy teacher, Mr. Morris L. Barr.

Tenth. To the German students we bequeath the joyous periods in Room 33 with Herr Peter Nicklas.

Eleventh. To the 1B's we give the advice (learned from experience) to LAUGH AT THE TEACHERS' JOKES.

Twelfth. We leave to Barringer our All-Scholastic Football Team, which never met defeat.

Thirteenth. We bequeath to the students of Barringer High a portion of our school spirit and the memory of all that we have done for Barringer.

Fourteenth. To the school we leave the rollicking, up-to-date, always-on-time, Clifton car line.

(*Continued on page 79.*)

Literature

Frank's Adventure

By Rufus Rickenbacher

"THESE stories of adventure are all right to read, but I wish some of them would happen in real life." Frank looked thoughtfully at the book he had just finished.

"Well, even more incredible things than those in fiction have occurred," said his chum, Sam, as he, too, closed the book he had been reading. "In fact, I have a feeling that something's going to happen pretty soon," he added after a pause. Frank looked at him as though he expected him to say more, but Sam was silent.

The two boys gazed dreamily out over the quiet lake, on the sandy shore of which they had pitched their tent. With three more of their friends they had come down from the city for the summer vacation. The lake was about a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide; the camp was situated at the lower end at one of the few open spots on the shore: almost everywhere else the woods grew close to the water's edge. Nearly a mile from the upper end of the lake was the little village of Holton, where the boys got their supplies.

On this afternoon three of the boys had gone to explore a neighboring lake, as they had said. On the day before, Sam had cut his foot on a piece of glass while in swimming, and on his plea that his foot pained him when he walked, the boys had agreed to let him watch the camp. Frank consented to keep him company, as he wanted to finish the book already mentioned.

"I guess my sore foot won't prevent me from paddling," said Sam, finally, "let's go out in the canoe for awhile."

Frank was willing, and Sam managed to get into the canoe without much apparent pain. They paddled slowly along for some time, keeping close to the shore.

"Say, I think I'll go up to the village," said Frank presently, "I'm expecting some mail today."

"All right," replied Sam. "We can paddle to the end of the lake and you won't have so far to walk."

They increased the speed of the light craft, and soon reached the upper end of the lake.

"I'll only be gone about half an hour. You can stick around this end till I come back if you want, and we can paddle back together," suggested Frank as he jumped out of the canoe.

Sam agreed and Frank started off for the village at a brisk pace. He felt pretty sure of finding some mail, and something besides correspondence among it, for this was his birthday. He was surprised and somewhat disappointed because none of the fellows had even mentioned the fact to him.

At the post office he found quite a lot of mail

for himself, and some for his friends. He opened his own on the way back. Among other things there was a fine hunting knife, an article which he had failed to bring along to camp, and which he had missed very much. There was also a good flashlight—another very handy thing to have about a camp. But even more interesting than either of these was a letter which contained only the following words printed in red ink:

LOOK OUT FOR

Frank was puzzled at this, to say the least. By the time he reached the lake he had worked himself up to a state of high excitement. The canoe was not in sight, so he started to walk through the thick woods on the path that led close along the shore, so that if he should see Sam he might hail him. Almost immediately the canoe darted out of a cove near by and made straight for him. Sam whistled to him and he whistled back. Frank waited, leaning against the immense trunk of a dead oak tree.

When the canoe was about thirty feet from him, bang! went a gun right at Frank's ear. He saw Sam throw up his arms and fall into the lake, turning the boat upside down as he went over; but before Frank could even turn around, the tree trunk seemed to give way behind him. He fell backwards and found himself standing on his feet in pitch darkness. He had hard work to keep from losing consciousness after the double shock, especially since he had been so wrought up over the letter. However, he managed to think—"The flashlight!" But alas for his hopes—he had not even time to get his hand in his pocket, when the ground gave way beneath him and he landed on something soft, which let out a cry like that of a wild cat—or so it seemed to Frank. Poor Frank's senses were nearly gone, when he felt his hands being bound, a gag thrust into his mouth, and his eyes being blindfolded. This was rather a relief than otherwise, for it assured him that he was still on this earth. He never even thought of struggling. The whole had happened so quickly that he had hardly had time to think. He was conscious of being lifted up, then carried forward, then set upon his feet, led forward, then backward, then around in a ring, and then steadily forward.

After a while, when his mind was clearing up a little, he felt the hard surface of the highway under his feet. Not a sound could be heard except the noise his heavy shoes made on the hard road. Then without any warning the harsh shriek of an automobile Klaxon sounded in his ears. He almost jumped out of his skin under the strain, but when he could think clearly again, he found he was still being forced forward. Walk, walk, walk, walk; at last his legs moved mechanically and all the while not a word was spoken. Had it not been for those tight gripping hands on each arm always forcing him forward, he would have thought himself alone.

Suddenly he felt the soft grass under his feet, and presently he was brought to an abrupt halt. At the same instant, his hands were unbound, the gag removed and his eyes unbandaged.

The scene that lay before him was almost as great a shock as his other experiences had been. The same bright sun was still shining across the same familiar lake, although the shadows it cast were now very long. On an open green place, which Frank recognized as being about a quarter of a mile from camp, was an improvised table, covered with all sorts of good things to eat. About the table stood his four fellow-campers, including Sam, who was perfectly dry. Nobody said a word, but gave Frank time to become convinced that he had not been sleeping and was just waking up from a bad dream. When his still confused brain had taken in all the details, he sank down on a bench and awaited an explanation.

"Happy birthday!" finally cried Sam cheerfully.

"And many more of 'em!" echoed the others. "We'll let you off from a licking this time, considering the strenuous adventures you've been through."

"Do you really mean to tell me I wasn't dreaming?" asked Frank incredulously.

"Sure you were dreaming," replied Sam jocosely, "You saw me killed; then you were taken to Hades, explored that kingdom, heard Satan call you, and woke up here again."

"Funny you had the same dream as I," said the still unbelieving Frank.

"Enlighten the poor boy, Sam" said Bob in a voice of pity.

"Yes, while we eat" added another, "or else the spread will spoil."

"Right-O" exclaimed Sam. "I guess Frank will find that his little tramp gave him quite an appetite."

"That's one thing I'm sure of," agreed Frank, "but I wish you could clear up a few other things for me."

"Well, in the first place," began Sam, as all settled down to the feast, "my sore foot was just a bluff; so was the anonymous letter, which we sent you to work up your feelings a little."

"It did its job, all right," interposed Sam, "but how did you know I would go to the village?"

"That was the one point we weren't sure of. Still we thought it very likely you would go for your mail, since it's your birthday. Instead of going exploring, as they said they were, Bob, Ned and Bill were preparing for your 'adventures.' When I saw you coming back from the village, I kept the canoe out of sight until you were passing the hollow tree. You see, Bob and Ned discovered that hollow tree last year. They

fixed a door arrangement in the bark, and a trap-door inside; you unwittingly helped our plan by conveniently leaning against the tree so that Bob and Ned, who were inside, did not have to come out and drag you in by force. The shot you heard was a blank cartridge fired by Bob. I did my little act, and fell into the lake, managing to come to the surface beneath the overturned canoe. I breathed the air there until Ned signaled me by throwing pebbles at the canoe that I could come up. Then I beat it to this place, changed my clothes, and helped Fred get this spread ready."

"Meanwhile Bob and Ned had removed the bark you were leaning against and you fell back inside the trunk, then they covered up the open space, leaving the trunk in total darkness. Before you could do anything they released a trap-door and you dropped about two feet—"

"But what of the wild ca—"Frank stopped short and grinned sheepishly as he realized that he was still under the influence of his "dream."

"That consisted of a bundle of rags and a cat-call that Bob let out" said Sam laughing, "that little stunt worked pretty well, didn't it? Then you were blindfolded, gagged, and your hands tied behind your back. Bob and Ned carried you out into the open, and you set out on your journey, which I believe covered several of the neighboring counties—eh, Bob? Anyway, you walked about two miles and were almost run over by an auto—"

"Which had a Maxim-silencer on everything but its Klaxon" interrupted Frank sarcastically.

Sam's eyes twinkled; "then you were brought here and set free," he concluded.

"But what's the idea of it all?" Frank wanted to know.

"In the first place, to give you something to remember your twentieth birthday by; secondly, to relieve the craving for adventure which you expressed this afternoon."

"You sure did succeed. I'll always remember the day on which I got enough adventure for the rest of my life."

The Triumph of Polly

By Edna Holwick

JANE rushed into the room, slamming the door impatiently behind her, flinging her books half on the table and half on the floor.

"I don't care," she burst forth in angry tones, "to think of that snippy little Polly Perkins surpassing me in basketball, even if it was only practice. Just imagine how I'll look in the big league game with Milton High if Polly wins—but she won't win, I'll see to that!" and with a final shrug she settled down to study.

"O, mother!" cried Polly Perkins, as she burst into the tiny sitting room where her mother was energetically sewing, "what do you think? Our side won in the practice game and the girls gave me all the credit, but confidentially between you and me, Dorothy Bernard, that sweet girl whom I introduced to you the other day, seemed to play poorly on purpose. At least that is the way it looked and—"

"There, there, child, you're all out of breath, drink this cup of cocoa and then tell me all about it." But as she turned away to help Polly to sugar, an expression of amusement and delight lit up her careworn face. Polly, her only child, was the chief delight in her solitary world. She, a widow, took in sewing in order to send Polly through High School.

Particular interest attached to this game with Milton High because in event of victory for the home team, a prize of a gold medal was to be awarded to the individual whose good playing contributed most to the victory. Jane Parks did not wish for the medal nor did the victory itself appeal very strongly to her. She merely decided that Polly Perkins should not win and therefore she herself would be compelled to play harder to surpass Polly.

The afternoon of the great day had arrived. Enthusiastic crowds, huddled in mysterious heaps, were advising the players.

"Now don't put all your energy at—"

"Finish well and—"

"Take it easy—"

"Mark your play—" and so on were the remarks poured into the ears of the scarcely attentive, excited members of the team.

At last the game began! Those of Milton High had traveled far to see their team fight its opponents of the Averton High. Polly and Jane were both playing for the latter, one for the honor that the victory would bring to her Alma Mater—the other merely to prevent the other from winning.

Polly worked unflinchingly. She had made four baskets while Jane had made but three. On and on they played until the score was a tie. Now Jane and Polly had made an equal number of baskets. Jane now held the ball. Suddenly she threw the ball, aiming for the basket. It struck

the top—wavered—seemingly doubtful which way to roll. With a quick movement, Jane picked up a small piece of chalk from the score board, threw it into the air on a pretense of joy, but deliberately aimed at the ball. The chalk struck the ball causing it to roll into the basket.

Apparently no one had seen the movement, as all were intently watching the ball. But Dorothy Bernard saw Jane's action, and amid the wild roar of enthusiasm she made a resolution—"Jane shall pay for this."

The whistle calling the game to a close, could hardly be heard for the shouts which filled the air. Averton had won and through Jane's playing. Cries and cheers rang through the gymnasium.

The players all stepped back and after a short speech Mr. Rowlands, the principal of A. H. S. called Jane to him and was about to pin the medal on her, when with a clear, distinct voice, Dorothy cried out, "I protest," and sprang to the platform, loudly proclaiming Polly to be the rightful winner. She was asked to leave the platform, but when she plainly refused, was asked to explain herself.

"Jane cheated! She threw something at the ball and made it roll in," panted Dorothy breathlessly.

Dr. Rowlands thanked her, and turning to Jane said in serious tones, "Is this charge true, Miss Parks?" Jane all flushed with rage and embarrassment answered.

"Well, I did it only for the sake of the school. I didn't want the prize but only wanted the school to win, and, and—" here she burst into tears and was gently removed from the floor. Polly was then called up and awarded the medal. To the surprise and amazement of all, she handed it back saying, "I could never think of accepting it, for Jane did really play better than I. Keep it until another time when we shall all have a fair chance." But her protest was not sufficient ground for refusal, so she was requested to take the medal, and finally consented to do so amid fresh and louder cheers, for "Polly Perkins of A. H. S.," "Polly Perkins of Averton!" until the spectators were forced to cease from mere exhaustion.

When a day later Jane received through the mail an unsigned letter of sympathy for her act, but praise for the spirit in which the deed was done, she misunderstood it to be a note from the team for which she believed she had so excellently played. But Polly was, nevertheless, twice as happy after she had sent it.

A Practical Joke

By William Rieman

"THIS surely is a slow town," yawned Joe, as he tossed aside the novel he had been reading, and lazily strolled to the rear of the boarding house, with a faint hope of finding something interesting back there. There he found the owner's daughter shelling peas for dinner.

"Well, what's new?" he asked.

"Nothing but work," she answered smilingly.

"Huh! That's not new for you, is it?" he remarked, glomily.

"Well, not exactly," she explained, "but to-day I had an unusual amount. I got up two hours earlier this morning than usual to clean those two vacant rooms on the second floor. We're going to have more boarders."

"Who?" asked Joe, brightening up.

"I don't know," answered the girl.

"Aw, I suppose it's somebody old enough to be my grandmother. Nobody else would come into this dead town," said Joe, resuming his pessimistic outlook on life.

"Anybody going into the city to-day?" he continued.

"No, of course not," she answered. "Father went in yesterday."

"Well, then, it's up to me to go. Mother wants medicine that the little general store does not carry."

"You can have Molly and the buggy if you want," offered the girl.

"A horse and carriage is all right for lazy people and invalids, but as for me, give me a bicycle or—a motorcycle." He disappeared into the barn and soon came out on his wheel.

"So long," he called to the girl, who was still sitting on the step, shelling peas, and rode away.

After an uneventful ride he reached the city, a small place hardly worthy of the name, city, but considered quite a metropolis by the farmers from the surrounding country. He bought the medicine for his mother, put it in his pocket, and started on his homeward journey. He had not gone very far, when an automobile passed him. He quickened his speed and trailed the machine. After he had ridden for a short distance he happened to glance up at the occupants of the machine. They were a young fellow and girl, about his own age.

"Spooning," he thought. "Ill bet they'd blush if they knew I was here." Soon after the girl

turned around, saw Joe, and smiled. But oh! what a smile! It made Joe's heart beat faster. Although the girl did not speak to the fellow who was driving, he also turned around, saw Joe, frowned, and gave the machine more gas. Needless to say that the race was hopeless. Joe was soon far behind the speeding auto.

"I don't wish her any hard luck, but I wish him a puncture," said Joe to himself. Just before the machine went around a curve in the road, both of its occupants turned around and looked back. Although it was too far to see clearly, Joe imagined he saw an expression of regret on the girl's face and a tantalizing grin on the fellow's. The latter might have been right, for the fellow waved good-bye at poor Joe.

Joe rode on, the picture of the girl's face still in his memory. Once he saw a machine ahead, standing with a flat tire. He immediately thought that it might be the one that had passed him a little while before. But on looking closer he found that it was not. Joe rode on, his gloom increasing. At last he passed another turn in the road and there only a short distance in front of him was the auto and young people he had wanted to see. The girl was sitting in the car while the fellow was tinkering with the engine. Joe rode slowly by and both caught sight of him. *She* smiled again, and Joe smiled at her and then smiled at the fellow. But of course it was a different kind of smile.

"My turn to wave good-bye," he said.

"Say, where's the nearest civilized town?" demanded the boy, ignoring Joe's taunt.

"Four miles behind you," answered Joe, still grinning.

"Isn't there any garage nearer than that?" he asked more humbly."

"No."

"Gosh! I'm up against it," he said. "Wonder what's the best thing to do? I suppose I had better let a farmer tow me back to the nearest garage."

"What's wrong?" asked Joe, with a faint evidence of pity.

"I have a forty horse power car, and thirty-nine of 'em are dead, as the saying goes," he said without a smile. Then he continued after a pause in which he scratched his head and stammered:

"I know I have an awful nerve, but if you know anything about mechanics would you mind loking this engine over?" Joe hesitated until the girl added:

"Please do." Then he immediately started to fuss around the engine. He scratched his head and looked perplexed just as the other fellow had done. Suddenly he looked wise, walked around to the back of the machine, and came back grinning.

"No gas," he announced.

"When we started this morning I asked you if you had gasoline enough and you said, 'yes,' Harry Avon; you're a fine fellow to bring me here and then have to get a team of horses to pull us out," charged the girl. The poor fellow hung his head sheeepishly.

"Well, what are you standing there for?" she demanded. "Hurry up and find a farmer."

"What do we want a farmer for?" argued Harry. "We don't need a tow, we need gas."

"Hire a horse and carriage and drive into the city to get gasoline," coldly commanded the girl. Before Harry left Joe asked:

"What town are you going to?"

"We're going to a little rube town called Rockville. Have you any idea where it is?" asked Harry.

"Rockville?" echoed Joe.

"Yes, that's it," assured the girl.

"Where in Rockville?" asked Joe.

"Atkinson's boarding house," she answered. A pause in the conversation followed. Joe at first seemed wrapped in thought, then he smiled.

"Gee, sis, it's a shame to make you go all the way back to the city with me," said Harry.

"I know it is," she answered, "and I have a fine opinion of a fellow who hasn't sense enough to keep his tank filled with gasoline." Then Joe said:

"It won't be necessary for Miss —Avon, I believe the name is—"

"Yes, that's right," she said.

"To drive back to the garage. Rockville is only about a mile from here, and as I, too, am staying at Atkinson's, Miss Avon and I can walk there, if you don't mind my putting my wheel with your trunks in the back seat."

"Good idea!" agreed Miss Avon.

Harry was not so well pleased with his part of the plan, but he grunted "All right."

Several hours after sunset Joe and Miss Avon were sitting on the porch of the boarding house. She said:

"I wonder what in the world is keeping Harry?" Joe did not answer; he only smiled. A few moments later a carriage rolled up. A farmer sat in the front seat and was driving it. In the rear seat sat a dejected looking figure which proved to be Harry. As he wearily climbed the steps, his sister asked:

"What's the trouble?"

"Trouble enough!" he answered. "This friend of yours has certainly put one over on me."

"Allow me," she interrupted, "my brother, Harry Avon, my friend, Joe Case."

"Well, Joe Case," Harry continued, "has certainly played a good joke on me. I found a farmer and hired him to drive me into the city. Believe me, those horses took their time. At last we reached the town and I bought five gallons of gas. We put the cans in the wagon and started to come back. It seemed to take even longer than the

trip to the garage did. Finally I reached the machine, opened the tank to put the gas in, and found it almost full." Joe could hardly control his laughter.

"So I turned to the farmer and asked him to take both me and the car back to the garage. I had to wait until he took the wagon to the barn and found a rope strong enough to pull the machine. Of course it took even longer for the horses to tow the heavy auto. Then, when we finally reached the garage, the mechanic said it would take until to-morrow to fix the blessed machine. So I—"

"But our trunks!" exclaimed Gladys.

"We'll have to borrow Mr. Atkinson's horse and drive in for them after supper. As I was saying, we had to come back riding bareback. Every bone in my body aches from it. So here I am, tired, hungry, minus ten dollars that I had to pay to the farmer, and another tiresome ride after supper to think about. What a dunce I was not to look at the tank myself instead of taking your word for it."He said the last with a good-natured smile at Joe.

"If you have no objections," said Joe, "I dare say I know more about horses than you and will volunteer to get your trunks for you. Perhaps Gladys would like to come along."

"Certainly!" she answered. Just then the bell rang and a hungry trio disappeared into the dining room. All through the meal Joe chuckled at his practical joke.

The moonlight ride that evening made Joe believe that a horse and carriage were good for others besides "lazy people and invalids."

"Steve"

By Mildred Vanderhoof

"BOOM! Sis! Ah! Ricky racky rall!
Whitehall! Whitehall! Whitehall!"

The enthusiastic shouts of the students at Whitehall could be heard by the team at their last practice. To-morrow is the day of all days as far as football is concerned for Whitehall. The game, which is with Redbank, is the most exciting and critical of the season.

"We're going to break the jinx this year, boys, or know the reason why. Three years straight is too much to let Redbank get away with," so spoke Bob Wardt, an earnest supporter of Whitehall's team.

"That's right," enthusiastically replied Steve Barryer, "and have you ever seen the team in better form?"

"I say, old man, haven't you any chance of getting into the game to-morrow?" Bob asked.

Steve looked at his chum and some of the enthusiasm disappeared from his face.

"To be frank, I don't think I have a ghost of a chance," Steve said, in a discouraged voice.

"Hard lines, Steve, but I guess you are right, with Mackey in at quarter an ordinary fellow does not stand much of a show."

"Well, never mind, Bob, if we win to-morrow it won't make so much difference who plays." But the downcast expression on Steve's face as he walked away, belied his words.

Steve was a good worker always, but especially on the field. He had always had a desire to play football; not as hundreds of boys play, but to play well. He was heavily built and any one could see he had the makings of a good player. In fact he was considered good by many critics, but being only a "Soph," and not having had much practice, Coach Frost thought it better to choose older and more experienced men. Then, too, the coach was so enthused over the wonderful quarterback, Jack Mackey, that Steve's ambitions were forgotten. Steve had gotten into a few games during the season, and had been hoping to be let into the big game. But alas for expectations! he was left out. It was a stiff dose to take, but with a smile, though a bit grim, he turned homeward. The disappointment was more keen as it was not for him alone. His little sister, Betty, had great confidence in her big brother as a football star. It was amusing to see the child snatch the paper, and turn quickly to the sporting page after every Whitehall game. She could scarcely read, but would search diligently for her brother's name—and if she found it she was happy. Little Betty was coming to the game to see him play to-morrow. What would she think to see him sitting on the "subs' bench" throughout the game. He simply must get into the game, there was no alternative. Oh! if he but had a chance, how he would play! Such were his thoughts on his way home that afternoon. He had not the heart to tell Betty he would not play on the morrow. There was still a faint hope that he might get in as a "sub" so he clung to that.

Morning dawned cold and clear. It was just the day for a game. Crowds gathered early.

"Boom! Sis! Ah! Ricky racky rall!
Whitehall! Whitehall! Whitehall!"

was echoed from one end of the field to the other.

"Zing! Zink! Zank!
Who are we?
Redbank! Redbank
Can't you see?
Ah—Redbank,"

could be heard from the other side of the gridiron, as a challenge. This parley was kept up at intervals until the hour of the game came.

The whistle blew and the game began in earnest. Whitehall won the toss and chose the north goalposts. The wind was blowing in their favor, which of course counted. The Whitehall rooters responded to the tenseness of the moment and cheer after cheer was given. Twice the Whitehall boys had the ball on Redbank's 10-yard line. They attacked only to find themselves up against a strong wall; the Redbank's men held their line and resisted attack. Mackey had done his best but had only succeeded in keeping his opponents from gaining. The first half had ended and the game was at its height. Not one point had been scored by either team.

All the time Steve sat on the "subs" bench. His blood fairly raced through his veins. If he could but get into the game! He would cross the goal line, and especially with little Betty's eyes on him he could not fail! But no such luck for Steve.

The whistle blew. Both teams lined up. Redbank's ball. Signals, 15-47-E. Right through the line went Smith, Redbank's fullback, and a gain of eight yards was made.

"Come on, fellows; right down the field this time! Redbank! Redbank! and the rooters of Redbank fairly screamed for joy as a chance to score showed itself. Time was called with Redbank on Whitehall's 20-yard line. Players on both sides were substituted but Steve still held the bench.

It was Redbank's last down and they had 15-yards to go. Signals were called and kick formation played. Redbank kicked and the ball started fairly between the goal posts but alas! for the wind, it swerved to the right and the points were lost.

Redbank kicked off to Whitehall. Mackey caught the ball and raced down the field. He eluded tacklers right and left but was finally downed on Redbank's thirty-yard line.

"Come on!" keep it going!" yelled Mackey. Once more he got the ball and tried to plunge through left tackle. Bang! Mackey hit the ground and was picked up unconscious.

Time was called, and Whitehall was still working over their fallen man. Coach Frost watched nervously. The game was practically lost for Whitehall with Mackey off the field, and anyone could see Mackey was out of the game for that day at least. Whom could he put in? His glance wandered over the sub bench and his eye fell on Steve.

"Barryer," he called.

"Coming," Steve replied, and so he was—running at that.

"Get in Mackey's place," ordered Frost, "and play—play as you never played before."

Steve did.

Again the game started! Steve worked a forward pass and gained ten yards, which was greeted by an outburst from the Whitehall crowd, who up to this time had not had much opportunity to show their talent for cheering. There was still twenty yards before Whitehall could make a touchdown. Steve pushed the right halfback through the line and five more yards were gained. Another rush and he was caught going around the right end. Third down and still fifteen yards from the goal posts. A touchdown and the game would be theirs. Once more Steve rushed, but was driven back. Fourth down and but two minutes more to play. As a last chance, Steve signaled a kick formation. Redbank broke through the line to block the kick, but Steve was too quick for them, the ball sailed above their outstretched arms straight over the goal. Cheer after cheer burst from the Whitehall crowd.

"Whitehall and Steve!
"Whitehall and Steve!
"Steve! Steve! Steve!"

Then Steve could be seen carried on the shoulders of his comrades down the field—midst hundreds of people shouting his name. For it was he who had made the kick that won the game for Whitehall. And little Betty looked joyously on, unconscious of the fact that she was the cause of her brother's victory.

Who's Who

By Lillian Berthold

"OH, Marion, I do wish I could go to that dance to-night."

"I wish you could, too. Really, I'll be terribly lonesome without you."

"Well, I'm not over enthusiastic about it anyway. I don't see why Mrs. Parker had to invite us when we don't know a soul that's going to be there, except Bess and Peg. Just because mamma invited her to tea, she feels it her duty to invite us in return."

"Don't be so hard on her, Marion. You know you were quite anxious to go and meet her neph-

ew Jack, from S— Prep."

"Oh, I forgot about that. Well, Miriam, you get an introduction to him and then tell me all about him. What he looks like—I mean if he's goodlooking, if he is jolly and—"

"Hello, sis. Where are you?"

"Up here. What do you want, Will?"

"Come down, we have two visitors."

"Come up a minute, Will. What a racket you are making."

"Look at the sleeping beauty, will you!"

"Oh, Will, you're horrid—I wish you had this ankle of mine."

"Why, what's up, Marion?"

"Oh, I just sprained my ankle, that's all."

"Couldn't you put off spraining your ankle 'till to-morrow? In this case I'll have to invite your visitors up here—come on up," called Will over the banister, "and see our invalid."

"Oh, Will, don't you know better than to invite them up here?" said Miriam indignantly.

"Allow me to introduce you. Cousin Peg and Cousin Bess. That's the time I fooled you, sis."

"Well, you needn't brag about it. Oh, Peg and Bess, I'm so glad it's you two instead of Tom and Ted—I haven't begun to get ready and poor Marion can't go. I'll be ready soon if you want to wait for Ted and me."

* * * * *

At Mrs. Parker's the floor is waxed and the house is appropriately decorated. Some guests are being received while others are leisurely strolling across the hall. Dance orders are being filled out. The music strikes up, the young folks pair off. The dance floor is one whirl of merry young people. Finally the musicians strike up "Home, Sweet Home." The last dance! Our friends then take their departure. What a happy time they all had!

Miriam's first thought upon returning home was for the suffering Marion. Quietly she entered the room, only to find Marion reading a ghost story and after midnight at that!

"Why, Marion, you ought to have been asleep long ago, instead of reading such things. It's no wonder you are so restless at night!"

"Well, I wanted to know all about to-night and the only possible thing that can keep me awake, is a ghost story. Tell me all about the dance. Who were there, anyone I know? Was Jack there? Of course he was, but I mean is he nice, is he dark or light, did he dance with you?"

"As for Jack, he's a great dancer—he isn't so bad looking, but he doesn't come up to Ted in looks. But go to bed now, for it's too late to gossip longer."

* * * * *

Some time after the evening of the dance, Marion had occasion to do a little shopping. As the holidays were drawing near, everyone was doing his shopping early. While rushing through the crowd, Marion dropped one of her parcels. A little boy finally managed to secure the parcel and no sooner had Marion thanked the little fellow than someone stepped up to her and said, "Why, how do you do? Won't you let me carry some of your bundles?"

"No, thank you. I'm perfectly capable of carrying them myself," she answered, not too unkindly.

"As I was going your way, I thought I could help you out, but since you do not wish it, I'll bid you good-day, Miss Dare."

Who was this young man and how did he happen to know her name? Surely she never met him before.

Upon reaching home she went to her sister and with some indignation told her about the incident.

"Oh, forget it, Marion. Maybe he knows you from hearing someone speak about you or maybe he took pity upon you as you were overburdened with bundles and wanted to help you out."

"You sure are kindhearted. I wish it was you instead of me. No telling whom you'll have helping you home with bundles!"

"Don't talk nonsense, Marion. Come over to Peg's house with me."

* * * * *

"Oh, Miriam, look at the invitation we have."

"Who's it from and what's it for—a dance?"

"No—it's from Mrs. Parker. She has asked us to be among the party of people to spend a month with her in Maine. Aren't you happy? I just can't wait—she's a perfect dear."

"I thought you'd change your mind about her, Marion. Let's see the invitation."

"Why, what's the matter, Mariam? Haven't you anything to say? Aren't you anxious to go? Tell me, what's the trouble."

"I suppose Jack will be there."

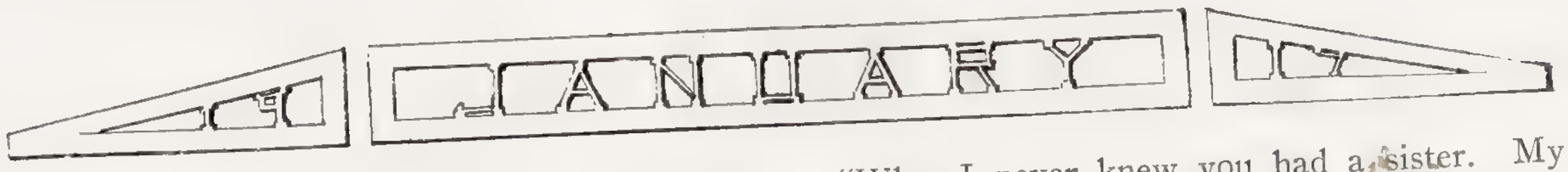
"Well, what of that? I thought you said that he was nice."

"Really, Marion, I don't know what has struck Jack. He used to be real pleasant and speak to me when he met me on the street. I met him this afternoon on his way home. I expected that he'd walk up with me since we were going the same way, but do you know all he did was to greet me and walk on."

"You ought to have had several bundles. Maybe he would have offered to carry some of them."

"That's just it! I did have a bundle and, believe me, Marion, it was bigger than all of yours put together the day someone asked to assist you."

"Poor fellow. Perhaps he thought he'd get hunch-backed if he had a bundle to carry besides his school books. However, this isn't answering the invitation. Mamma said we could go. It's for you to decide."



"Yes, I'll go—Jack's snub shall not spoil my fun."

* * * * *

After a week of preparation, Marion and Miriam departed for Old Orchard, Maine. They were Mrs. Parker's first guests. They started on a tour of inspection while Mrs. Parker prepared dinner. The natural amphitheatre greatly interested them. The tall, straight, beautiful pines were also worth while seeing. After gathering some very dainty shells, the girls looked for more excitement. There were great rocks covered with barnacles as far up as the tide ventured. These they scrambled over until they saw someone hidden among the rocks with an unopened book lying nearby.

"A penny for your thoughts," ventured Miriam.

"Why, Miss Dare, this is a surprise! But who's this?—your image?"

"Allow me to introduce you to my twin sister, Marion. Marion this is Jack Parker."

"Why, I never knew you had a sister. My aunt never told me about her. She hinted to me to-day that she had a little surprise for me. She said I was going to meet a nice young girl named Miss Dare. I didn't think she had forgotten about our introduction, so I naturally concluded she was some relative of yours."

"Jack, I'm surprised you didn't run the minute you saw me—you've been doing that for an awfully long time."

"Your having a twin sister accounts for the misunderstanding. It was she and not you who first informed me that she wasn't in need of my assistance. I mistook her for you, but when I mentioned your name she refused to pay any attention to me."

"You're forgiven."

"My aunt will be expecting us directly. These rocks are rather slippery. Will you accept my assistance now, Miss Dare?"

"With pleasure," said Marion.

Memories

By Mildred Vanderhoof

THE night was dark. The stars, twinkling in the far distant heavens, seemed to emphasize this fact, and the wind whistled around the little farm house, nesting among the pines. Now and then a shutter would bang noisily against the house, or an owl, far distant, would send out its weird cry. Within, a far different picture met our gaze. Around an open fireplace, crackling with burning logs, were gathered four people. The ruddy glow from the fire was reflected in the face of an elderly woman, apparently Grandma. There seated in her lap, with his head upon her shoulder, was a little boy of perhaps five, the baby of the family. A little girl, tired of play, was sitting on the floor by Grandma's knee, while the other member of the family, a sturdy boy of eight, calmly whittled a piece of wood on the other side of the fireplace.

"Grandma, won't you please tell me a story?" the baby said.

"Oh, yes! A story!" is echoed in chorus.

"Well, my dears, what shall I tell you about?" grandma asks.

"Indians," promptly shouts the baby.

"No, soldiers; tell us a story about soldiers," begs the boy, and the whittling is forgotten.

"Please, Grandma, tell us another story about the time when you were a girl," pleads Eunice.

"All right, children. I know one. I will tell you a story about a soldier that I knew when I was young, if Billy will wait until to-morrow night for his Indians." But Billy was almost asleep now in his grandmother's arms, so the story began:

"It was a long time ago, my dears, when I was a girl, but I remember that night as if it were but yesterday. The night was very dark and cold. To-night brings back memories of that time so long ago. Then, you know, my dears, that a terrible war was going on. Your great-grandfather and uncles, as well as most of the other men who lived near here, had gone to fight for their country."

"Oh! how I would like to be a soldier like my grandfather," exclaimed Bob.

"Within our house," continued grandma, "was warmth and apparent cheerfulness, although our dear father and brothers had just left for the battle front. It was early evening; mother was sitting by the fire knitting. Oh! how well I remember the expression on her sweet face that night, as she was thinking of our missing ones. Sister Gene was helping me with the evening work. A merry girl she was, chatting and laughing, she tried to change our thoughts from our dear ones, but unsuccessfully because she was as much worried as we.

"Then, disturbing the silence of the night could be heard a galloping horse coming nearer and nearer. It was down by our barn. It was coming. Now the horse had stopped in front of our house? What could it be? Was the enemy so near? Could it possibly be a spy? These were the questions that flashed through

our minds. No one knew. We waited, thinking someone was playing a joke on us in order to get into the house. Our hearts beat faster and faster as we sat silently waiting. Every minute seemed an hour until Gene, not being able to stand the suspense longer, rushed to the door and threw it open. A riderless horse was at the gate. In the moonlight we could see the figure of a man lying by the roadside.

"Out we went and found a soldier, a Unionist. We managed to carry him into the house. The warmth brought enough consciousness into his body for him to say:

"'I must go—I—go—duty—we can—not—lose—no—I go—.'

"He tried in vain to rise, but he was so weak and worn out that he fell back again. In his delirium he cried:

"'I am on my—way—on—my way—General Hancock—on my way—'

"When we heard that name we realized something must be done, and soon. Probably that message, sealed in his pocket, would help our men win the day for us. Here we were, helpless, and not able to do one thing, because we were only women.

"'I have a plan,' cried Gene suddenly, and ran from the room, leaving us in amazement.

"In a few minutes she came back, dressed in Brother Ben's suit.

"'I am ready; ready to take the message to General Hancock,' was all she said.

"'What! Take the message? Impossible!' A long, long ride in the night, with hundreds of dangers confronting her. We could not let her go. But one glance at our helpless soldier, one thought of what that message meant to our country and we at last consented to her going.

"Gene acted quickly and soon she was off with the message safely pinned in her pocket. Away she sped! The sound of her horse's hoofs grew fainter and fainter, and we, watching from the window, saw the darkness swallow her up.

"I cannot begin to tell you the agonies of that night. Fear for our dear one filled our hearts, but our hands cared for the wanderer, brought by chance into our house. So passed several hours; midnight came and went, but there was no rest for any one in our house that night. Our thoughts were all following the brave girl, pressing onward, and onward, toward her destination. But again there were sounds of several approaching horsemen. Who could they be? What was their errand? The sounds became louder, louder, and finally they were in front of the house. Would they stop? Three hearts were sending prayers that they would not, and these prayers were answered. The sounds of the horses' hoofs grew fainter, and fainter, until finally we could no longer hear them. But a glimpse of them as they passed had revealed that they were Confederate soldiers. They were in search of the messenger! The horrible truth dawned upon us! Would they overtake Gene before she reached the camp? Just one more fear to rack our souls that night. Then kneeling beside the sick bed, we prayed, and dawn found us there.

"But looking out of the window we could see a horse and rider coming up the road. It was Gene. Once more we breathed freely. Brother Ben's uniform was gone, and she had on her own gingham dress.

"Upon reaching the house she dismounted, and with our assistance, came into the house. She was almost dead from cold and fatigue, but she was happy.

"Her first words were, 'The message is safely delivered, now rest, my friend, as you well deserve.' These words were addressed to the soldier.

"But he could not rest, nor could we until we learned how Gene passed the Confederate soldiers.

"'Why, that was the easiest part of the whole undertaking,' said Gene, 'when they passed me, I had already taken off Brother Ben's togs, and they evidently thought I was out for a morning canter. They doffed their hats and one man said:

"'"'Tis a fine morning for a ride, my girl."

"'But I just nodded and went on my way.'

"'I cannot tell you about those next weeks. We nursed the soldier back to health again, and finally the day of parting came. He returned to the war, and we did our best at home."

Grandma gazed into the fire, picturing in her mind that farewell, but Eunice, scenting romance, said:

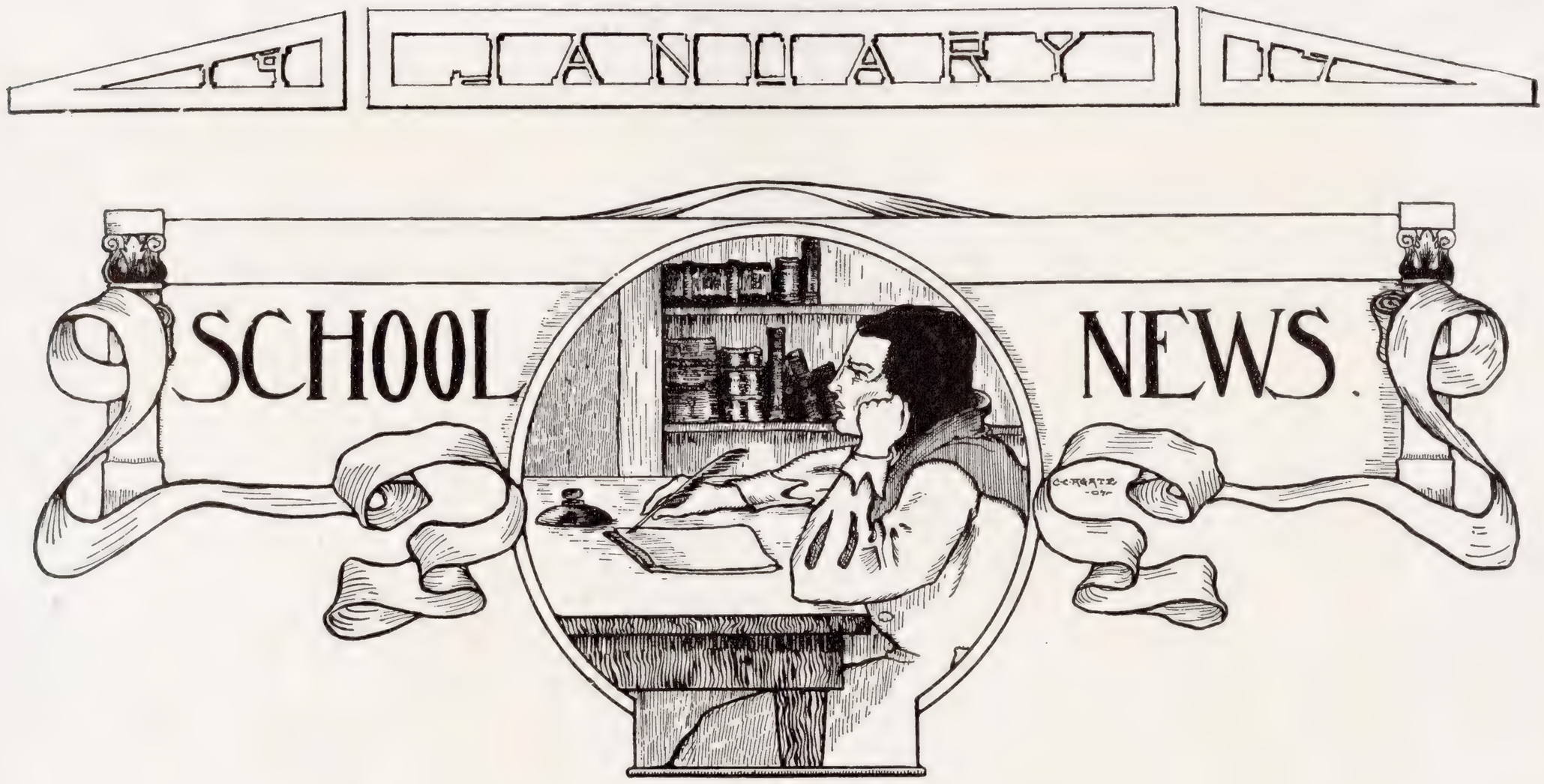
"But, Grandma, didn't he ever come back?"

And grandma, with a sly twinkle in her eye, said:

"Well, Eunice dear, you had better ask Auntie Gene about that."

J LINNETT

CLASS OF JANUARY 1917.



Organizations

THE FRENCH CIRCLE.

President, Margaret Jacoby; Vice-President, Marco Angelillo; Secretary, Edith McEwen; Treasurer, Mr. Mezger; Faculty Adviser, Mr. Mezger.

The French Circle of Barringer was organized many years ago and is probably one of the most interesting clubs in the school. The great help given by Mr. Mezger and Mr. Milwitzky has really made the club the noted one that it is. All who have joined this club have learned much on the topics of French literature, art and customs.

At the monthly meetings of this organization, it is not the purpose to devote all the time to talks and lectures by the members themselves, but to have outsiders who are real Frenchmen come and tell about some phase of French culture. This circle has great ambitions for the coming year in this line. It is hoped that they may secure Professor Oiseau, from Columbia, and also two artists from the French theatre to come and speak to them.

Is this club known outside of the walls of Barringer? Well I should say "yes." The unusual collection of lantern slides and pictures owned by the club has been lent to many schools and put on exhibition.

The club has bought some fine French records for the phonograph which are used at the meetings for both "pleasure and profit."

When we think of the French circle we think of the French sociables. Last year did they not entertain the French clubs from the other high schools? They did, and are hoping to do so again this year.

LA GIOVANTU SCHOLASTICA.

Council of Five.

Mr. Milwitzky

Grace Carlucci — Clara Lanzetta
John Pucillo — Morando De Franzo

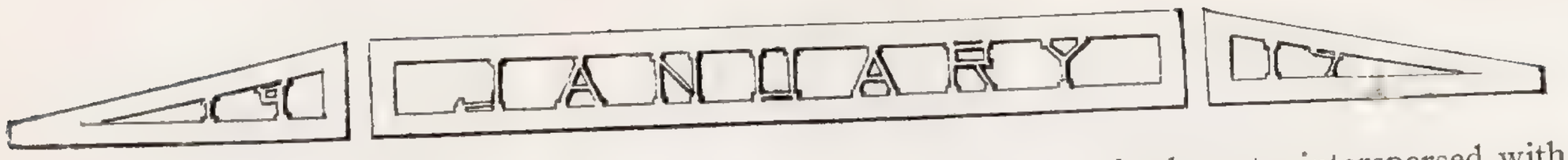
La Giovantu Scholastica, otherwise known as the Italian Club, is probably the most democratic organization in the school, as far as government is concerned, at least. It has no president or vice-president but its government is conducted by a council of five.

When this club was organized the membership was limited to boys only, this term they decided to admit the girls. As a result the membership has increased to seventy. Formerly the meetings were held at the homes of the various members but now, since there has been such an increase in the membership it is necessary to hold them in school.

The club has purchased some fine Italian records for the phonograph, knowing that "music hath charms" and always adds to the enjoyment of the meetings.

Sociables being in vogue just at present the Italian Club has decided to have one. It will be held sometime during the Christmas holidays. During the course of said sociable a typical Italian Christmas program will be presented (by home talent).

This club does not confine its activities to meetings and sociables, however. There have been French plays presented in the school and German plays and English plays and most of them very good. Now by way of a change there is going to be an Italian play presented. It is to be given just for the students of Barringer.



Think of it—we can all see and hear a real live play given in the Italian language. We haven't heard as yet whether it is going to cost us anything to see this play, but we all expect to go nevertheless. Do we not?

THE BARRINGER ORCHESTRA.

The Barringer High School Orchestra, which was organized under the direction of Mr. Smith, began its career with a membership of about thirty. The first meeting of the orchestra took place on February 28, 1916, for the purpose of electing officers. Those elected were Benjamin Potaker, president; Helen Meyers, vice-president; Samuel Marx, treasurer, and Helen Kussy, secretary. Louis Gianettino was later appointed "Concert Master" by Mr. Smith. At the second meeting of the orchestra a Constitution Committee consisting of Helen Meyers, Ted Makowski, Louis Gianettino, Leslie Blasius, Abel Del Vecchio and Helen Kussy was chosen.

The work of the orchestra during the term from February to June, 1916, was devoted to the Music Festival, and the orchestra took a prominent part in the Festival on the evening of May 2, 1916. Outside of this the orchestra appeared but twice in public, once for the morning exercises and again at the Prize Speaking Contest.

On October 17, 1916, the orchestra was reorganized under the directorship of Miss Grace Darnell. The membership was twenty-two. The officers elected for the term were: Benjamin Potaker, president; Louise Shapiro, vice-president; Willard Wells, treasurer, and Helen Kussy, secretary. Later Miss Edith Potaker was appointed accompanist and Ralph Reichenthal, assistant accompanist, by Miss Darnell. There has been but one other meeting this term, at which business matters were discussed.

Under the able leadership of Miss Darnell, the orchestra has progressed rapidly, the rehearsals being as a rule well attended. The public appearance of the orchestra has so far been limited to playing for the singing rehearsals regularly every Wednesday.

THE GERMAN CLUB.

The German Club, one of Barringer's oldest and most active clubs, had its beginning away back in '98. Miss Buettner and Mr. Mezger were the founders of this circle of students. From the very beginning the German Club offered interesting programs for its members.

Each term the members go to the German theatre in New York to see some play that they are more or less acquainted with. The club has the privilege of getting tickets at reduced rates. The body of students that goes to the German theatre where *"Hier wird nur Deutsch gesprochen"* always has a good time; so good indeed, that most of the members remember the experience for the rest of their lives.

Sociables with refreshments, interspersed with singing, Blue Danube waltzes, and Rhinelanders, are to break the monotony of daily recitations. May walks to pretty places in our neighborhood give a chance to let our forests ring with the most beautiful German songs, learned in school during the year.

On December 1, 1916, about forty members of the German Club with Mr. Nicklas, went to the Irving Place theatre in New York to see "William Tell." The play, which took about three hours, was well enacted and enjoyed by everyone. Of especial interest (and humor) was the scene where William Tell shoots the apple off his son's head. The German Club returned home strong in the hope of soon going to another German play.

The "Verein" serves to arouse the student's interest in German life and customs to a greater extent than is attained in the class-room. The officers of the club always aim to make the program both interesting and instructive. That the programs are interesting may be proved by asking any of the many members who were present at the last two meetings when Dr. Miller of Berlin played and sang German folk lore for us, and when Mr. Nicklas and Mr. Crosse gave us a recital on *"Hansel und Gretel."*

You have everything to gain by being a member of the club. Join the *"Deutsche Verein."*

BOYS' GLEE CLUB.

Although a new organization this term, the Boys' Glee Club promises to become an important one in the school. The purpose of this club is to further the interest of the boys and to create an ability to sing in parts as well as to develop the quality of tone.

To sing is one of the manliest accomplishments a boy can possess. It creates poise, freedom in expression, beside acquainting one with one of the greatest arts known to man.

The Boys' Glee Club offers the opportunities mentioned above and develops the voices of those taking advantage of the training offered. Already there are over thirty members enrolled. Miss Darnell plans to have the boys sing at the Christmas exercises. About the middle of next May the combined Girls' and Boys' Glee Clubs are going to present Haydn's "Creation." The following officers have been elected:

President—Fred DeHart.
Vice-President—Lansing Ten Eyck.
Secretary—Cecil Smith.
Treasurer—Alfred Terhune.
Adviser—Miss Darnell.

A constitution is now being drawn up. All of the boys of the school who have any voice at all, whether or not they are able to read music, are urged to join the club and make it one of the best organizations of the school.

THALIANS.

President—Stanley Jacobus.
Vice-President—Margaret Jacoby.
Secretary—Carol Phillippi.
Treasurer—Judd Neal.
Custodian—Norman Hayes.
Faculty Advisers—Mr. Crosse, Mr. Milwitzky.

The Barringer Thalians, an organization which has not been long in existence, has nevertheless been able to make a name for itself.

For many years it was the custom in this school for each Senior class to present a play. When this plan seemed to have outlived its usefulness, it was decided to organize a dramatic society to give direction to the dramatic activities of the school.

In accordance with this decision, a meeting was called of all those who had ever had a speaking part in any play in Barringer. This meeting organized into the "Thalians," and began work at once.

The first production of the Thalians was Moliere's "Tradesman Turned Gentleman." A call was issued to the school for applicants for the various parts. The response to the call was hearty, a large number turning out from each grade. Mr. Crosse and Mr. Milwitzky chose those whom they considered best fitted to take the various parts. It would seem as though they were good judges, for the play which was produced on June 6 was a complete success. It was a "scream" from start to finish.

Just to prove how fine it was, the society is going to repeat it in January for the "Alliance Française." This will be a splendid opportunity for all those who did not see it in June to get an idea of the kind of things the Thalians can do.

This term the society intends to "go itself one better." The members are planning to produce the well-known comedy, Sheridan's "School for Scandal." There has been no date set, but it is expected that the arrangements will be complete by February or March.

The faculty advisers are looking forward to an even larger attendance at the trials this year. It is hoped that all grades will be well represented.

Every one who is chosen for a part in this play will be considered a member of the organization. This is not the only way, however, in which one may become a Thalian. By writing a good paper on some dramatic subject approved by the faculty advisers, it is also possible to become a member.

We must not forget to mention the meetings. They are interesting, educational, entertaining, and well worth attending. Last year Mr. George O'Dell spoke to the Thalians upon George Bernard Shaw and his works. This year it is expected that the Thalians will have an opportunity to hear some other very excellent speakers.

The first open meeting of this term was held on November 28. All pupils of B. H. S. interested in dramatics were invited to attend. Mr. Milwitzky outlined the play to be given and explained the method of holding the trials.

The Thalians are planning a pleasant surprise for the school in the way of Christmas exercises.

The moral to be found in these lines is: Be a Thalian, or, if that is not possible, at least give the society your support by being present the night of the play.

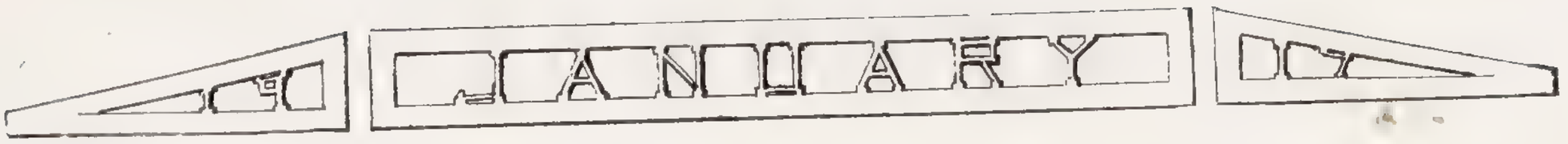
THE ROSTRUM.

The object of real education is to develop every faculty in the boy and girl being educated. Effectiveness in public speaking and skill in argumentation are perhaps as important as anything one may learn in school. Of necessity we associate with others daily and express opinions on various subjects. It is therefore of importance to us to know how to put our thought into good, comprehensible spoken language. It is to achieve this end that debating clubs and discussion clubs are organized in our educational institutions.

Years ago Barringer felt the need of a debating club and organized a "Congress." This organization accomplished much good during its existence. Members of the "Congress" held debates, which were of great interest to the entire school. It developed a few skilled debaters, who later contended for honors in debates in their respective colleges. Unfortunately, however, the students for several reasons lost interest in the organization, and it finally died a victim of pernicious anaemia. Yet, the need of such an organization was felt both by the faculty and the student body.

Several years later, in the fall of 1915, a representative of Rutgers College came to Barringer and urged the school to take part in interscholastic debates. Mr. Hamilton W. Moore, then a teacher of English at Barringer, undertook the task of organizing a club to encourage debating and to take part in interscholastic debates. Through the efforts of Mr. Moore and the coöperation of the faculty and students, the "Rostrum" was organized. Mr. Moore was faculty adviser. The first president was Charles Mapeltoft.

During the first term of its existence the Rostrum held debates on various subjects. The discussions were interesting and well attended by the students of the school. The fall term passed and new officers were elected at the close of the first semester. Mr. Moore was elected to the principalship of the Girls' High School, Louisville, Ky., and the Rostrum, much to its regret, was left without a faculty adviser. Mr. Barr, of our English department, was kind enough to take his place as the adviser of the "Rostrum," and from the first day until the present has been of incalculable value to the "Rostrum." The officers of



the second term were: Milton Plapinger, president; Harold Keating, vice-president; Anna Coffin, secretary; Myra Kohn, treasurer; and Norman Roder, critic.

During the new term the Rostrum represented Barringer in interscholastic debates. The Barringer team won a debate with the Bayonne High School and lost one with the Passaic High School. Aside from the interscholastic debates, there was a debate between the Juniors and the Seniors, the question being "Resolved, that the Philippines should be given their freedom within four years." There were also various debates upon topics of national importance, such as preparedness, military training in the schools. The debates were both interesting and instructive.

Then another term came—the present one—and a new set of officers were chosen. Harold Keating was chosen president; Myra Kohn, vice-president; Emily Allen, secretary; Thomas Urmy, treasurer, and Mr. Barr, already adviser, accepted the additional office of critic. With the new officers the Rostrum entered upon the third term of its history. Though only half of the term is gone, several debates have been held and others are planned. Shortly a debate between Seniors and Juniors will take place, the question being: "Resolved, that Great Britain has exceeded her privilege as a belligerent in her dealings with the mails and commerce of neutral nations." This debate promises to be very interesting. All the members of the "Rostrum" and the whole of Barringer are looking forward to the series of interscholastic debates in which Barringer is to take part. Barringer is grouped with the East Orange, Montclair and South Side High Schools. These four are to be arranged in pairs, each pair having one debate. Then the winners will have one debate for the group championship. The winner of the group championship may then challenge the winner of any other group.

The purpose of the contests will be to encourage debating as a representative high school activity and to promote higher ideals of education and citizenship among the high schools of New Jersey.

The Rostrum, though a young organization, is doing good work. The students of Barringer should give their hearty support to the Rostrum; they should make it an ideal debating club by becoming members and by attending the debates.

Officers of the Rostrum:
Harold Keating, president.
Miss Myra Kohn, vice-president.
Miss Emily Allen, secretary.
Thomas Urmy, treasurer.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

Under the masterful leadership of Miss Grace Leeds Darnell, a Barringer Girls' Glee Club was formed this term. Officers were elected as follows: Myra E. Kohn, president; Catherine Hooper, vice-president, and Anna Douthert, secretary; and then the club proceeded to organize in a true business-like manner.

One hundred and fifteen girls have responded to the call. Four part songs are being rehearsed, the sopranos, as usual, in the majority. It is Miss Darnell's aim to study Haydn's "Creation" with the girls and to present it at a glee club concert next May. Marvelous success is prophesied, as the girls have caught the exuberant spirit of Miss Darnell and have begun conscientiously to learn to sing.

SCIENCE CLUB.

President—Norman Hayes.
Vice-President—Mary Edsall.
Secretary—Joseph Mentz.
Treasurer—Mr. Dumm.
Program Committee—Thomas Urmy, Ch.
Membership Committee—Gladys Brown, Ch.
Faculty Adviser—Mr. Dumm.

Working upon a suggestion of Miss Romer's, a Barringer Science Club was organized last February for promoting interest in sciences and a broader knowledge of the subject. Under the supervision of Mr. Noll a constitution was drawn up and adopted. Herbert Coursen was elected the first president of the club.

At the regular meetings, topics of interest in many different fields are discussed. The club is sometimes favored with a speaker from outside. Last year's programs proved very interesting.

Miss Connolly from the Public Library spoke upon "The Textile Exhibit" which at that time was being held at the library.

It was of special interest to the chemistry classes when Mr. Daniel Hand, from the "General Electrical Company" of Harrison, spoke on the subject, "Chemistry."

Dr. Vail, of whom we have all heard, told about "Simple Living and High Thinking."

An illustrated lecture was given by Mr. Rosentretter, Assistant Engineer of Newark's Water Department, on Newark's water system.

The club enjoyed two topics by two former Barringer students now at Lehigh. The first was by Wray Sexton, whose topic was "Bernonlle's Principle"; and the other was by Fred Bickley, who spoke upon "Fixation of Atmospheric Nitrogen."

The members of the club do their part and show an interest by preparing talks to be given at the meetings. Topics last year were, "Nickel Plating," by Neal Williamson; "Chemistry at Pratt Institute," by Clyde Gardenier; "Artificial Rubber," by Walter Hedden; and "May Flowers," by Marie Parelli.

After the last meeting in June, a sociable was held in the gym. for the members; all who attended had an enjoyable time.

On account of the late opening of school this term, a meeting of the Science Club was not held until October 18th at which time the present officers were elected. The program for the winter was planned and it is to be divided between talks from men commercially active, and the students themselves.

All Barringer students and former Barringer students are eligible to membership, and are urged to join the Science Club, which is one of the most interesting and active of Barringer High School Clubs.

BARRINGER RADIO CLUB.

President, Mortimer Salzman.

Vice-President and Chairman Program Committee, Dudley Foster.

Secretary, Marie Poland.

Faculty Adviser, Mr. Alfred R. Jayson.

It was toward the latter part of last term, that a peculiar interest was aroused in "Wireless Telegraphy." This interest was first manifest among a few members of the Physic class, studying electricity; these were soon joined by a number of other students who had been amateurs for some time. The immediate result was a visit to South Side High School. A party consisting of Mr. A. R. Jayson, Harold Gregory, Mortimer Salzman, David Cohen and Lincoln Gaiser, who made the trip in a "flivver" belonging to one of the amateurs, were received hospitably by the South Side Wireless Club, and entertained with a few instructive talks on modern development of wireless telegraph instruments. The "Wireless Room" with its equipment, also received much attention.

Not long after this visit, when permission was obtained from the Board of Education to raise an aerial on the roof of Barringer, the "Wireless" enthusiasts contributed some of the material, and constructed the aerial themselves. Although the term's end was near, the enthusiasm lasted, and several instruments were manufactured in the shop by some of the students.

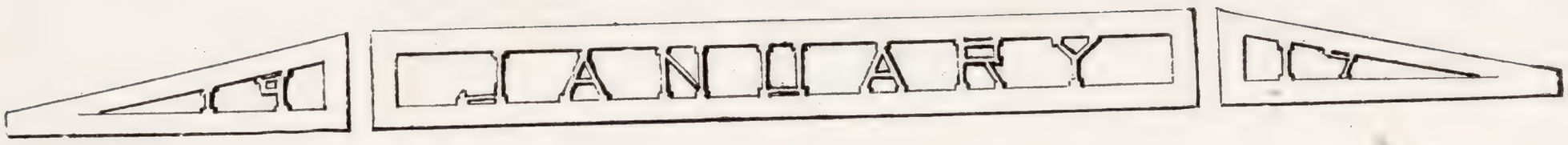
At the beginning of this term a club for the study and practice of wireless telegraphy was organized under the rules of the Science Club, which provided for the organizing of special groups, composed of Science Club members. This club has adopted the name of "The Barringer Radio Club" and devotes half of its meeting to study and instructions, and the other half to practice. Officers have been elected as follows: Mortimer Salzman, president; Dudley Foster, vice-president and chairman of program committee; Marie Poland, secretary, and Mr. A. R. Jayson, faculty adviser. Much extra time is devoted to the practice of codes, and study of government regulation of amateurs and commercial radio stations. Salzman and Foster give lessons in code practice to the other members, and it is expected that Foster will soon take an operator's examination. It will not be long before correct time signals will be received, and weather reports too, thus improving upon our present method of receiving these reports by mail. Mr. Jayson says that results from one of the games of the world series, and some of the election returns have been received this fall, which is commendable work, as the equipment is incomplete.

At the November meeting of the Science Club, Salzman gave an interesting talk on the value and use of the wireless station, and at the same meeting it was urged that the Science Club give its financial support to the Radio Club, which it did. More than this, the support and interest of the entire school is solicited, for under its present supervision the Radio Club can become a very active and useful organization at Barringer.

Napoleon at St. Helena

By Margaret Schlink.

'Midst rocks and crags, Napoleon sat alone,
While moon and stars in solemn splendor shone.
Of all his thousand friends not one was near
To stretch a helping hand, to aid and cheer.
Yet a faint light gleamed in his eagle eye,
As if afar he heard a battle cry,
And armies fighting fiercely face to face,
While horses wildly dashed from place to place;
And nearer still he saw the snow-white steed
Whom he through many a noble fight did lead.
The vision passed, Napoleon's brow grew dim,
The dawning day had naught in store for him.



The Long, Hard Road

LONG is the way and hard, that from 1B leads up to Commencement. So say we all who have trodden it. Some students glide along easily while others are lost in the thicket by the wayside. There were both kinds in the illustrious, though rather conservative class of January, '17. That was a long, long time ago; but as we look back through the years, we realize that they were far in advance of their time.

February 1, 1913, was a day never to be forgotten by this class, for on that day they were to begin their high school life at Barringer. Boys and girls donned their best and pranced up and down in front of mirrors half a dozen times before starting. Mothers filled the newly purchased lunch boxes with all sorts of goodies. The writer well remembers what a bitter cold day it was; and the time-honored Clifton car lived up to its name of being chilly. Most of the youngsters had standing room on the rear platform where their real sorrows began. Their lunches, even more than their guileless expressions betrayed them. "Freshies!" "1B's!" "Babies!" rang in their ears as the car jolted along. After an intolerably long ride, they reached their destination and were ushered into the large auditorium where some kind souls came to welcome them. In the course of the morning, the principal, a rather imposing-looking individual, classified them, and their high school life began.

Freshman year flew by on the wings of the wind! Some children managed to get their names in the ACROPOLIS, but the greater number remained in obscurity. Science and Algebra claimed their usual victims, but the majority passed on to the joys of Sophomores.

And joys were certainly in store for them, for were they not, the survivors, licensed to taunt the Freshies? Now, they were wise and could well teach the little ones. But, alas, some were too elated! The writer well remembers riding home on the first day of the 2B term with a large placard pinned to her back. The days lengthened into weeks and the weeks into months. Social times were forgotten, and for a time, at least, all settled down to work, for Geometry and foreign languages were nightmares. Some fell by the wayside, but the majority sailed serenely on into the junior year.

Then the girls put up their hair, and the boys, who had not already done so, donned long trousers. The class was organized, and the more enthusiastic youngsters prepared for joys which never came. The children of the world wanted a sociable, while the Puritanic members preferred "to get close to Nature's heart." Each faction tried to persuade the other but neither succeeded. As a result, there was no sociable and no picnic. Of course, such gay students were far too busy to grind, and so a great many were shipwrecked.

Senior year dawned at last! What a short journey it had been after all! Then the class re-organized and settled down to business. After many pitched battles, rings were chosen; class colors, purple and white, were decided upon; and a motto was selected. At this point in the voyage German claimed a few, and the brave survivors became 4A's.

4A's with commencement only four months off! Could it be possible! Enthusiasm was aroused at last! Exams for the senior paper were taken and passed! The members of the Board worked like bees and brought out the best paper the school had ever seen. The class went beside itself! A class picture was taken! Pennants and pillows were ordered! The class even had a sociable on November 27. Just at this point, the girls proposed a perfectly absurd plan! (We of this late age, praise them for their courage.) They decided to graduate in middies! Imagine the consternation of many. War was immediately declared, but as the middy faction outnumbered the other, peace was made.

Commencement came and went. The members of the class are scattered to the ends of the earth, but Barringer will never forget them.

ANGUS, MADELYN — General French

111 South 8th Street

"To see her is to love her,
And love but her forever."

Basketball, Baseball, Science Club, French Club, Gymnasium Captain.

Normal School.

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ARMBRUSTER, ETHEL — General German

452 South 19th Street

"From thy perch, survey the fields."

German Club, Science Club.

Normal.

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BAUCHELLE, HELEN — General German

754 Mt. Prospect Avenue

"A noble girl, and nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command."

Senior ACROPOLIS, Basketball Captain, '15, '16, Gymnasium Captain three years, Glee Club, Chairman Social Committee of German Club, '16, Gymnastic exhibitions, '14, '16, Chairman Pillow Committee.

Undecided.

BERTHOLD, LILLIAN — General German

106 South 12th Street

"Music hath charms."

German Club, Science Club, Pianist Girls' Glee Club, '16, Basketball, Gymnasium, Captain three years, Senior ACROPOLIS Board, Gymnastic exhibitions, '14, '16.

Normal School.

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BIDDLEMAN, EVA — General French

233 Littleton Avenue

"To be short is no disgrace, only inconvenient."

Baseball, Exhibition Dancing, Senior ACROPOLIS, Glee Club.

Normal.

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CAIRNS, REGINA — General Latin

602 Clifton Avenue

"And she was wonderous wise."

President Barringer Literary Society, 3B Sociable Committee, Senior B Prom. Committee, Gymnasium Exhibitions, '14, '16, Chairman Flower Committee, Science Club, Commencement Committee, Senior ACROPOLIS Board, Basketball four years.

Normal School.

CAMPBELL, EVELYN General French

785 Mt. Prospect Avenue

"I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for nobody."

Senior ACROPOLIS Board, Vice-President Science Club, 4B, French Club, Part in 4B Play.

Home.

CARLUCCI, GRACE College Prep. French

2 Wood Street

"Health and cheerfulness beget each other."

Science Club, French Club, Italian Club, Common Council of Italian Club, Floor Committee of Italian Club, Gymnastic Exhibitions.

Home.

CARUSO, JOSEPH General German

60 Stone Street

"Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness."

Orchestra.

Business.

COOK, NELLIE — General French

90 Oraton Street

"And whilst true virtue warms my heart
I'll love my bonnie Nell."

Girl's Baseball, French Club.

Undecided.

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CRYAN, ROSE — General German

569 North 7th Street

"A kind heart is more than coronets."

Exhibition Gymnastics '16, Gymnasium Captain '16, Glee Club, German Club, Completed course in three and one-half years.

Normal School.

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DANA, JOHN — College Prep. French

881 DeGraw Avenue

"A head full of genius."

French Club, Thalians, Play "Tradesman Turned Gentleman."

Dartmouth.

D'AURIA, FLORENCE General German
139 Seventh Avenue
"Black were her eyes as the berry
that on the thorn by the wayside
Black, yet how softly they gleamed
beneath the black shade of her
tresses."
Science Club, Italian Club.
Home.

DEY, ELSIE College Prep. French
165 Roseville Avenue
"We never grow weary of her
fellowship."
ACROPOLIS Board, Senior ACROPOLIS Board, French Club, Science Club, Gym. Captain.
Smith.

DE FRONZO, MIRANDO College Prep. French
173 Newton Street
"Just at an age twixt man and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech
is truth."
Cross Country '13, '14, Common Council of Italian Club, Science Club, ACROPOLIS Board.
N. Y. U. and University of Penn.

DEL VECCHIO, ABEL College Prep. German
135 Ridge Street
"Thou canst not say I did it, never—
shake—
The gory locks at me."
Orchestra, Italian Club.
Rutgers and Columbia.

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D'ALESSIO, JOSEPH College Prep. German
123 Parker Street
"They laugh that win."
Track Team, '15, '16, Cross Country, '16, Italian Club, ACROPOLIS Board.
Columbia.

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FARRELL, LILLIAN General German
129 South 10th Street
"Graceful and useful all she does
Blessing and blest where'er she goes."
German Club, Exhibition Dancing and Gymnastics '14, '16, Gymnasium Captain, Dancing in "Tradesman Turned Gentleman."
Undecided.

FEIN, BERNARD College Prep. German
492 South 11th Street
"So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long."
Science Club, German Club, Wireless Club, Class Baseball.
N. Y. U.

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FELLER, SIGMUND College Prep. German
121 Van Buren Street
"I dote on his very absence."
Science Club, German Club, Class Baseball, Senior ACROPOLIS.
N. Y. U.

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FINKLESTEIN, TILLIE General German
185 Camden Street
"Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles."
German Club, Completed course in three and one-half years.
Normal.

FOSTER, PERRY General German
67 North 11th Street

"You entered easily—find where—
And make with ease your exit there."

Baseball '12, '13, '14, Football '13, '14, '15, Basketball '13, Track '13, '14, Manager C. C. '12, Secretary A. A., '13, President A. A., '14, ACROPOLS Board, '12, '13, '14, Editor-in-Chief ACROPOLIS, 1915, Editor-in-Chief Senior ACROPOLIS, Chairman Class Day Committee.

Cornell.

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GAISER, LINCOLN General German Course
107 Park Avenue

"The warmth of genial courtesy
The calm of self-reliance."

Class Picture Committee, Business Manager Senior ACROPOLIS, A. A., German Club, Wireless Club.

Lehigh.

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GIANETTINO, LOUIS College Prep. French
478 Central Avenue

"Not to know me argues yourself
unknown."

Concert Master of Orchestra, '15, Leader Mandolin Club, '15, Orchestra, '16, Track, '14, '15, '16.

N. Y. U. and University of Penn.

GREIFINGER, MARCUS College Prep. German
180 Ferry Street
"Ne credite equo."
Science Club, German Club, Senior ACROPOLIS.
N. Y. U.

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GIULIANO, ANTHONY College Prep. French
687 North 6th Street
"I awoke one morning and found myself famous."
Football Team, '14, '15, '16, Track Team, '14, '15, '16.
N. Y. U.

❖ ❖ ❖

GOLDBERG, WALTER College Prep. German
124 Fairmount Avenue
"To do easily what is difficult for others is a mark of talent."
Science Club, German Club, Class Baseball, Football.
Stevens.

GOLINSKI, STEPHEN — General German

39 Beacon Street

"Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tower."

Glee Club, Football Team, '13, '14, '15, '16, Baseball Team, '14, '15, '16, Cross Country, '13, Wrestling Champion, Science Club, German Club.

Undecided.

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HALE, HELEN — General French

687 Ridge Street

"A dancing shape, and image gay
To haunt, to startle, and waylay."

French Club.

Undecided.

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HALSEY, BLANCHE — General German

194 Parker Street

"She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight."

Chairman Color Committee, '15, Glee Club.

HALLOCK, HELEN General French
137 Heller Parkway
"Oh! Helen fair! Oh! Helen chaste!
If I were with thee, I were blest."
Senior ACROPOLIS, Science Club, 4A Sociable Committee.
Undecided.

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HAGADORN, EVELYN General German
671 Springfield Avenue
"Her voice was ever soft
Gentle and low—an excellent thing
in woman."
Exhibition Dancing, '16, Senior ACROPOLIS, Glee Club, Deutsche Theater Verein, 3A.
Normal School.

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HAYES, NORMAN College Prep. German
206 Third Street
"True as steel."
Science Club, German Club, Senior ACROPOLIS, A. A., Cheer Leader, Custodian in Thalian, Chairman of Senior Social Dance.
Yale.

HAYTHORNE, MARION — General French

650 Mt. Prospect Avenue

"A countenance—in which did meet,
Sweet records, promises as sweet."

Undecided.

❖ ❖ ❖

HOLWICK, EDNA — General Latin

80½ Roseville Avenue

"I am sure care's an enemy."

Secretary and Treasurer Barringer Literary Society, Flower Committee, Pillow and Pennant Committee, Senior ACROPOLIS Board.

Business.

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HURST, MARY — General German

165 First Avenue

"But Mary's looks are blythe and sweet,
And what is best of a',
Her reputation is complete
And fair without a flaw."

German Club, Science Club.

Normal.

JOHNSTON, EUGENE General French
605 Hunterdon Street
"Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?"
Track Team.
Undecided.

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KEEHNER, ALICE General German
621 Sandford Avenue
"A face with gladness overspread,
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred."
Senior ACROPOLIS, Two Prize Essays, 4B.
Normal School.

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KOHN, MYRA General German
309 Clifton Avenue
"I do but sing because I must
And pipe out as the linnets do."
Secretary Class 3B, 3A, 4B, President Girls' Glee Club, Secretary Rostrum 3A, Treasurer Rostrum 4B, Vice-President Rostrum 4A, Soloist at Commencement Class June, '15, Choral Club Concert, '14, German Club, Science Club, Chairman Membership Committee Rostrum 4B, Chairman Program Committee Rostrum 4A.
Musical Career.

KROEGER, ESTHER — College German
22 Webster Street
"And thou art worthy, wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly as a flower."
German Club, Senior ACROPOLIS Board.
Syracuse.

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KUDISH, SAMUEL — College Prep. German
162 Waverly Avenue
"He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man."
Member ACROPOLIS Board, '16, Rostrum, First Prize for Peace Essay, '16.
N. Y. U.

❖ ❖ ❖

SECRETARY OF CLASS

MACEVOY, ELIZABETH — General Latin
166 North 11th Street
"In every deed of mischief, she had a heart to resolve, a head to contrive and a hand to execute."
Flower Committee, Secretary 4A Class, Chairman Commencement Committee, 4A Sociable Committee, Chairman Senior Prom. Committee, ACROPOLIS Board, Senior ACROPOLIS.
N. Y. School of Fine and Applied Arts.

MILLER, HELEN — General German
70 Rutgers Street
"Quick in action and thought."
Baseball, German Club, Senior ACROPOLIS, Gymnastic Exhibition, '16, Glee Club.
Normal.

❖ ❖ ❖

PHILLIPPI, CAROL — General French
194 Woodside Avenue
"She moves a goddess and she looks a queen."
Science Club, Thalians, Princess in "The Princess," Prize Speaking Contest, 1916, ACROPOLIS 4B and 4A, Senior ACROPOLIS.
Home.

❖ ❖ ❖

PITTINGER, ALVA — General French
771 Clifton Avenue
"And even though vanquished she could argue still."
French Club, Science Club, Senior ACROPOLIS, Class Day Committee.
Normal.

VICE-PRESIDENT OF CLASS

POLAND, MARGARET College Prep. French

258 Montclair Avenue

"Her very frowns are fairer far,
Than smiles of other maidens are."

Vice-President Class, Class Day Committee, Senior ACROPOLIS Board, Member Thalians, "Nicole" in "The Tradesman Turned Gentleman," Member French Club, Junior Social Etiquette Committee, Basketball four years, Captain Freshmen, Won captain's gold tassel and cord, Gym. exhibition '14, 16, Senior Sociable Committee, Senior Prom. Committee, French Club Social Committee.

Smith.

❖ ❖
❖

POPKIN, ROSE General Latin

5 Jones Street

"Maiden with the meek brown eyes."

Barringer Literary Society, '13; Gym. Captain, '14-16; Gymnasium Exhibition, '14; Girls' Baseball '15, Girls' Indoor Athletic Meet, Senior Flower Committee, Science Club '16, Choral Club '14.

Normal.

❖ ❖
❖

PORTER, HELEN General French

204 Lincoln Avenue

"Still calm and resolute."

Normal.

RATHBONE, JOSEPHINE

College Prep. French

332 Montclair Avenue

"She meant no wrong to any,
She thought the good of many."

Member Thalians, Mme. Jourdain "Tradesman Turned Gentleman" '16, Class Coach, "The Princess" '15, Winner Prize Speaking Contest '15, French Club, Science Club, Won captain's gold tassel and cord, Senior Basketball squad, Gymnastic Exhibitions '14, '16; Commencement Committee, Junior Social Etiquette Committee.
ACROPOLIS Board, Senior ACROPOLIS Board.

Wellesley.

❖ ❖
❖

RIEMAN, WILLIAM College Prep. German

261 Grafton Avenue

"William was once a bashful youth,
His modesty was such
That one might say (to say the truth)
He rather had too much."

German Club, Science Club.

College.

❖ ❖
❖

RICKENBACKER, RUFUS

College Prep. German

137 Fourth Street

"I shall be like that tree,
I shall die at the top."

Rostrum Science Club, ACROPOLIS Board, Senior ACROPOLIS Board, Secretary German Club.

Undecided.

ROCCO, LOUIS College Prep. French
12 Sixth Avenue
"My best thoughts always come a little too late."
Undecided.

❖ ❖ ❖

RUBIN, SAMUEL College Prep. German
271 Camden Street
"Life is as tedious as a twice told tale.
Vexing the dull ear of a dreaming man."
Science Club, German Club, Class Baseball, Senior ACROPOLIS Board.
Business.

❖ ❖ ❖

SAWYER, MARGARET General French
46 Halleck Street
"Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day."
Gymnasium captain.
Home.

SAYRE, CORNELIA — General Latin

39 Hudson Street

"Her loveliness I never knew,
Until she smiled on me."

Girls' Basketball Team, '15, Gym. Captain, Gym. Exhibition, Glee Club, Senior Commencement Committee.

Normal.

❖ ❖
❖

SCHILLING, MOSES — College Prep. German

320 Bergen Street

"I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares more is none."

German Club, Jewish "Lit," Science Club, ACROPOLIS Board.

(N. Y. U.) Newark Institute of Arts and Sciences.

❖ ❖
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SCHLINK, MARGARET — College Prep. German

27 North Sixth Street

"The charms of poetry, our souls bewitch
The curse of writing is an endless itch."

German Club, French Club, Glee Club, Senior ACROPOLIS, Gym. Captain.

Undecided.

JANUARY

SMITH, CECIL — College Preparatory

453 Mt. Prospect Avenue

"A pleasant youth, with a pleasant smile."

French Club, German Club, Secretary Boys' Glee Club, Discussion Club.

College.

❖ ❖ ❖

TREASURER OF CLASS

SMITH, OGDEN — General German

325 North Seventh Street

"There's a brave fellow,
There's a man of pluck."

Class Treasurer 4B, 4A, Science Club, Senior ACROPOLIS, A. A. Chairman of Picture Committee.

Undecided.

❖ ❖ ❖

SPINNER, ALEX. — College Prep. German

343 Bank Street

"Hast thou a friend?
Thou hast indeed a rich and large supply."

German Club, Science Club, Senior ACROPOLIS.

N. Y. U.

STICKEL, HALSEY College Prep. German
63 Hudson Street
"I am not in the roll of common men."
Rostrum, A. A., German Club, Science Club, Orchestra '16, Associate Editor of Senior ACROPOLIS, 4A Sociable Committee, Class Color Committee, Asst. Business Manager of Senior ACROPOLIS.
N. Y. U.

❖ ❖
❖

VANDERHOOF, MILDRED General French
217 Woodside Avenue
"They are only truly great
Who are truly good."
Orchestra 1A, 2B.
Normal.

❖ ❖
❖

PRESIDENT OF CLASS

WERNER, GEORGE College German
28 Stirling Street
"His value is much more than I can tell."
President 4A Class, Vice-President Barringer Discussion Club, '15, '16; Varsity Basketball, Cross-Country, Swimming and Track Teams, Captain-elect Basketball Team '16, German Club, Glee Club, 4A ACROPOLIS Board.
Business.

WERNER, PAULINE — General French
437 South 16th Street
"Her eyes are stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight, too, her dusky hair."
Science Club, Exhibition Dancing, Gymnasium Captain.
Normal.

❖ ❖ ❖

WHERETT, DOUGLAS — General French
13 Taylor Street
"On with the dance
Let joy be unconfined."
Science Club.
Stevens.

❖ ❖ ❖

WHITLOCK, PHILIP — General German
83 Highland Avenue, Orange
"Small, but mighty."
Chairman Motto Committee, Color Committee, Commencement Committee, Senior ACROPOLIS, Class Treasurer 3B.
Stevens.

HARRY WUENSCH College Prep. German
235 Morris Avenue
"His knowledge appears great at first sight."
Undecided.

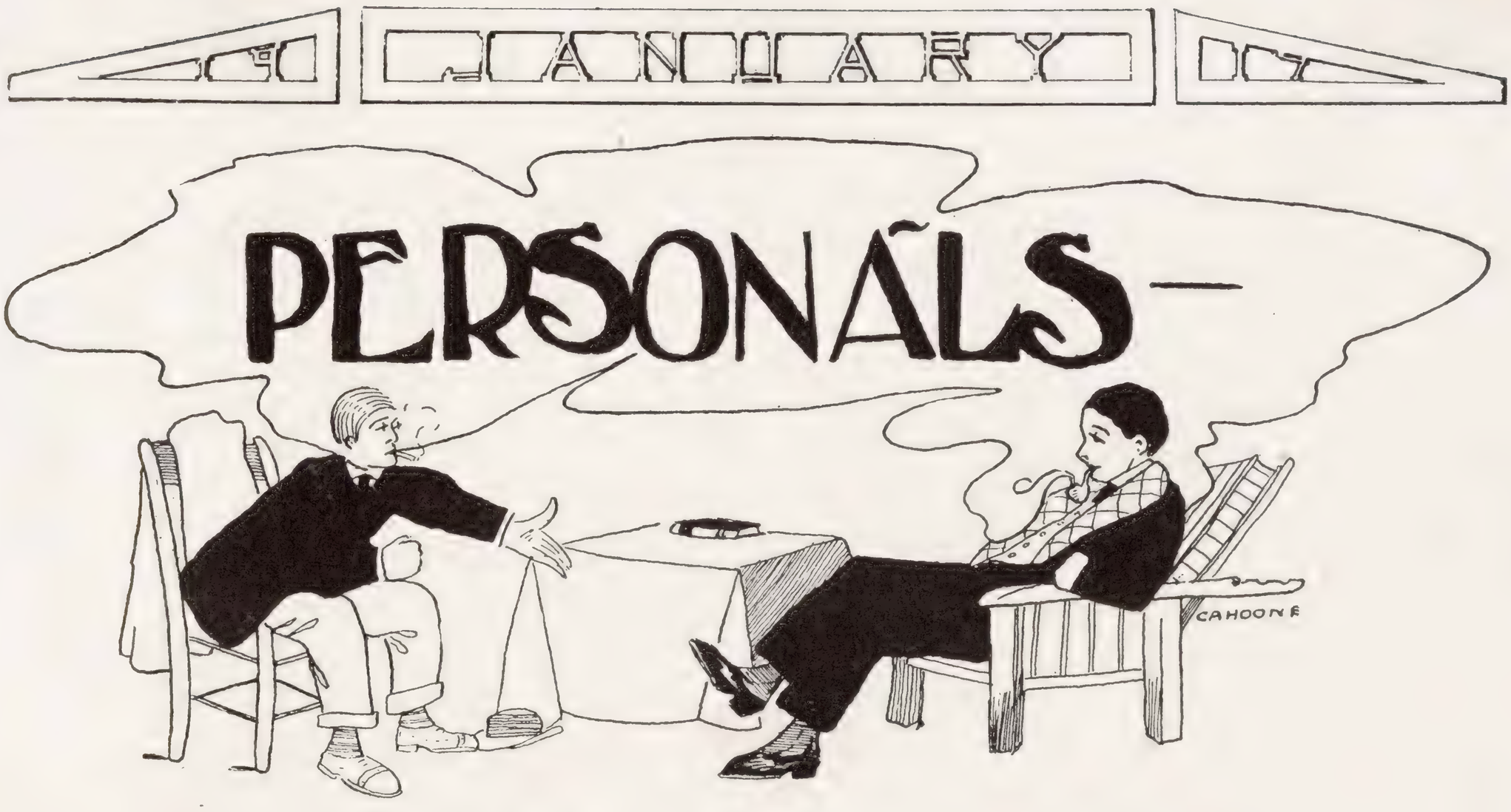
MENTZ, JOSEPH M. College Prep. German
33 South Orange Avenue
"Better Late than Never."
Indoor Track Team, 14, '15, '16, Farmers' Club, Secretary Science Club, Camera and Wireless Club, Secretary German Club '15, President of German Club '16.

DOUTHERT, MELVILLE General German
186 North 9th Street
"He among the rest stood like a tower."
Football '15, '16, Track, Class Day Committee, Glee Club.
Undecided.

ILKOWITZ, MILTON General French
211 Hunterdon Street
"We never shall know, if we never shall try." Business.

MEGARO, JOSEPH College Prep. French
88 Seventh Avenue
"What I have been taught I have forgotten; what I know I have guessed." Columbia.

FACULTY.



YE GOSSIPS OF THE B. H. S.

Dear pupils
Of B. H. S,
I am working
For this number
Of the ACROPOLIS
And I have
To write something
Funny.
AND I CAN'T.
And whenever
I think of
Something funny
And tell it
To the other members
Of the Board
They laugh
And they say,
"Throw it out,"
And I don't know
What to do,
But I hope
That you'll like
The personals
And write to
The Editor-in-Chief
And say that the
"Kid is clever,"
And then he'd smile
And he'd be sorry that
He had laughed
Before.
And he'd be (HAPPY)
And I'd be (HAPPY)
And you'd be (HAPPY)
Because you
Helped me.
Don't mention it.

S. H. F.

Putting one over on Herr Nicklas.
It can't be did.

PERSONALS.

Spinner—Were you elected president, Kudish?
Kudish—No, I let George do it.

Mildred Vanderhoof—Where were you, Margaret?
Silence.
Mildred—Oh, I Sawyer.

Werner—We are going to haze (Hayes) him.
O. Smith—Who?
Werner—Norman.

PERFECTLY CLEAR.

Mr. Dumm—Describe the manufacture of a barometer and explain its action at different levels.

Miss Hallock—To make a barometer, close a glass tube at both ends and have mercury in. If you take it up a mountain it goes up. If you take it down a mountain it goes down.

HEARD AT CLASS MEETING.

Presiding Officer—The candidates are on the back board.

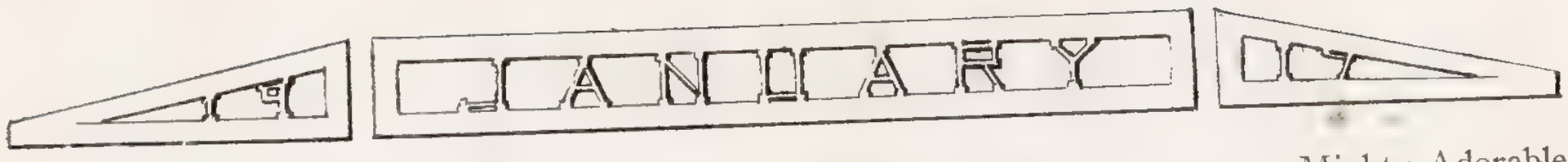
Teacher—You're good at arguing, young man, but your arguments are no good.

LIFE'S MYSTERIES.

With apologies to Wex Jones.

1. Harry Shalit.
2. Hayes' Walk.
3. Solid Geometry.
4. Former senior numbers.
5. Feller's jokes.
6. ACROPOLIS contribs.
7. Order in auditorium.
8. Completion of cathedral.
9. Class advisers.

Mr. Dumm—What's this in your test-tube?
Miss Martin—Oh that, that's a mistake.



SLAMS—AND OTHERWISE.

Ethel Armbruster.....Ever Ambitious
Helen Bauchelle.....Husky "Basketballer"
Lillian Berthold.....Loves Books (?)
Walter Goldberg.....Weighty Goods
Helen Miller.....Harmless Mortal
Bernard Fein.....Brain Food (?)
Marcus Griefinger.....Midnight Grind
Louis Rocco.....Little Runt
Milton Ilkowitz.....Mighty Illustrious
Rufus Rickenbacher.....Right Ready
William Rieman.....What Reserve!
John Dana.....Joyfully Dutiful
Joseph Megaro.....Jolly Manner
Florence D'Auria.....Friends Dart About
Rose Cryan.....Real Curls
Moses Schilling.....Much Silence
Samuel Rubin.....Sleepy Rebel
Alexander Spinner.....Always Studying
Samuel Kudish.....Socialist Knight
Harry Shalit.....How Studious
Grace Carlucci.....Generally Cheerful
Sigmund Feller.....Story Famous
Eva Biddleman.....Ever Busy
Abel Del Vecchio.....A Darling Voice (?)
Joseph Caruso.....Just Cheerful
Mirando De Fronzo.....Most Daring Fighter
Joseph D'Alessio.....Justice Always
Tillie Finklestein.....Too Fussy
Mary Hurst.....Muchly Happy
Alice Keehner.....Always Keen
Lillian Farrell.....Little Flirt
Helen Hale.....Harold's Hobby
Marion Haythorn.....Mighty Homelike
Nellie Cook.....Never Cross
Blanche Halsey.....Bashful?—Hardly!
Philip Whitlock.....Pretty "W(h)itty"(?)
Louis Giannetino.....Loves German
Stephen Golinski.....Study Guard
Anthony Guliano.....A Genius
Evelyn Hagadorn.....Ever Happy
Pauline Werner.....Peppy Worker
Mildred Vanderhoof.....Much Variety
Regina Cairns.....Really Comical
Rose Popkin.....Red-hot Pep
Margaret Poland.....Most Popular
George Werner.....German Wonder (? ? ?)
Douglas Wherett.....Doesn't Work
Margaret Schlink.....Mighty Studious
Bess Mac Evoy.....Busy Merrymaker
Cornelia Sayre.....Catching Smile
Melville Douthert.....M. D. (maybe)
Eugene Johnston.....Earnest, Jolly
Helen Porter.....Haughty (?) Person
Margaret Sawyer.....Mighty Sociable
Alva Pittenger.....Always Present
Edna Holwick.....Eddie (Horrors!)
Norman Hayes.....Novel Hobble
Josephine Rathbone.....Just Right
Elsie Dey.....Ever Delightful
Myra Kohn.....Merry (K)Contralto
Madelyne Angus.....Mighty Adorable
Carol Phillippi.....Cheerful Philanthropist
Helen Hallock.....Historical Helen
Evelyn Campbell.....Ever Cutting
Halsey Stickel.....Happy Sinner
Ogden Smith.....Occasionally Serious
Lincoln Gaiser.....Loves Girls
Perry Foster.....Popular Forever
Cecil Smith.....Clever Singer

PERSONALS.

There's a little lad named Spinner,
Who always eats a hearty dinner.
In Chem, he is fine,
In Latin he gets nine,
But still he is growing thinner.

Teacher—Shalit, what are you doing there?
Salzman—He's putting his head into copper sulfate to find out it's density.

Miss Smith—Fein, stop pulling Shalit's ear.
Fein—I'm not. I'm just holding it and he's trying to get away.

Goldberg—How can I nail these boards together?
Mr. Stonesifer—Use your head, Goldberg; use your head.

STILL IS RIGHT.

Miss Darnell (to school)—Your singing is very good, but I think you can do better *still.*

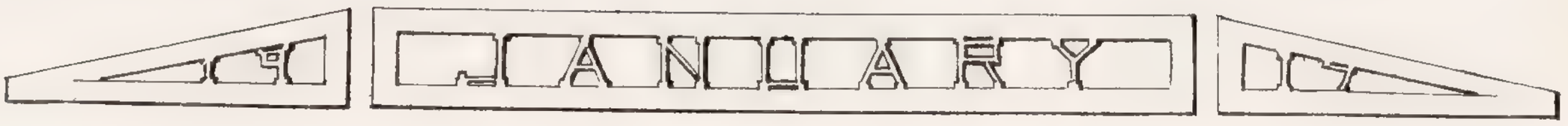
Mr. Nicklas—When I was in the Alps I threw a snowball in July. Did anybody here ever do that at that time of the year?
Mentz—I did.
Mr. Nicklas—Where?
Mentz—In an ice house.

Prof. Dumm—What happens to silver when it's exposed to the air?
Gianettino—It's stolen.

Schilling—I didn't eat for twelve hours straight once.
Spinner—Why, were you sick?
Schilling—No, I was sleeping.

Doctor Mathews—Your home-work will be the whole Civil War.
Salzman—Is that lesson for the week?
Doctor—No, for the strong.

There's a clever young chap named Spinner;
In chemistry he's quite a skinner;
He bluffs and he fakes,
And a six often makes.
To be sure, he's a wicked young sinner.



HEARD AT THE EAST ORANGE GAME.

Freshie (seeing De Fronzo in crowd)—Hey, De Fronzo, what do they use that hay the players are sitting on for?

De Fronzo (busy talking to a friend)—They give that to the quarterbacks when they get hoarse (horse).

A FEW LATIN TRANSLATIONS.

"Holding up the temple," he spoke,
"The mountain rolled down the side of the tree"—
"Snatching his voice from my mouth."

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING—WILL IT COME TO THIS IN 1930?

Bread, one cent a crumb.

Raspberries, ten cents a half dozen.

Eggs, twenty-five cents apiece (rotten ones, special at ten cents).

APPLIED QUOTATIONS.

"His only fault is that he has no faults."—William Reiman.

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."—45.

"They are like lambs, that do frisk in the sun and bleat the one at the other."—Freshman.

"A buzzing, noisy swarm of useless drones."—Sophomores.

"There's small choice in rotten apples."—Junior.

"Let naught but good be spoken of the dead."—Seniors.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF—

Miss Farrell attended a class meeting?

Rieman said, "Unprepared?"

Hard jobs weren't handed to Perry?

Helen Miller didn't know her English?

The ACROPOLIS Board handed in copy when due?

A little 6 in Latin,
A little 5 in Math,
Make the Seniors' troubles
And the parents' wrath.

BOOK IV OF VIRGIL.

Teacher—Miss Poland, how is it that you don't know your lesson to-day?

Margaret—Er—I'm not interested in love affairs!

IN 26.

Somebody let out a loud "horse laugh."

Mr. King—If this keeps up we'll have to get stables here pretty soon.

D'Alessio—Suppose the president, the vice-president and the whole cabinet should die, who would officiate?

Goldberg—Why, the undertaker, I suppose.

1B (looking at statue of Laacoon)—Look mother, the firemen are caught in the hose.

Katzin—Did you tell Rinsky that I was a fool?
Browning—No, I thought he knew it.

DURING THE SUMMER.

Goldberg—I just got a job wrapping bread in Ward's Bakery.

Zucker—I thought the bread was untouched by human hands.

Goldberg—Sure it is, but *I'm* allowed to touch it.

HE'S A PROMISING YOUNGSTER.

1B—May I have a piece of paper?

Prof.—Why don't you use your pad?

1B—Mr. Stearns said that we shouldn't waste our pads, because paper is scarce.

4B (translating Latin—*Heu!* etc.)—Hey—

Prof.—Sit down! We don't bring our "ponies" to school.

HE'S RIGHT.

Mr. Gilman—Those large shells used in the present war cost a great deal of money.

1B—The why don't they shoot them off a little at a time.

Teacher—Egenberger, why didn't you study your lesson last night, then you wouldn't have failed?

Egenberger—Aw, I didn't know that you were going to call on me.

Mr. Dumm—Abbot, if you had paid attention you might have been able to answer that question.

Abbot—I know the answer, but I didn't hear the question.

HE MEANT PERRY'S.

1st 1B—What kind of an automobile is that?

2nd 1B—That's not an automobile, that's a Ford.

PRETTY CLEVER.

Salzman—Were you born in the United States?

Kaltman—No, I was born in Hoboken.

BORN INVENTORS.

"Jenny"—Boys, I'm a inventor, I just invented a sieve without holes in it.

Mr. Dumm—If your clothes catch on fire, keep cool.

Principal—I hope you understand the value of a high school diploma—

Voice from the audience—Sure, paper is dear.

Mr. Meyer (giving a demonstration on phosphates)—Now, take the hickory nut. By this test you can see how much phosphate there is in it. Of course, I could have taken any nut.

Teacher (catching Shalit napping)—What's the comparative of "great"?

Shalit—A—er—more greater.

ABOUT OUR TEACHERS.

Mr. Stearns—
"Uneasy be all heads that rule,
Especially his whose kingdom is a school."

Mr. Nicklas—
"I believe they talked of me,
For they laughed consumedly."

Mr. Taylor—"Let satire be my song."

Miss Hill—"Enjoy your dear wit."

Miss Coult—
"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

Mr. Gilman—"Be not wise in your own conceits."

Mr. Johnson—"The mathematics make men subtle."

Mr. Broadhead—"A merrier man
I never spent an hour's talk withal."

Mr. King—
"Tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak;
That Latin was no more difficult
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle."

Mr. Snavely—"Let me have men about me that are fat."

Mr. Losee—"Satire's my weapon."

Mr. Hart—"Music arose with its voluptuous swell."

Mr. Milwitzky—"But O, he dances such a way!"

Miss Smith—"I must be cruel, only to be kind."

Mr. Barr—
"Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,
"At all his jokes, for many a joke had he."

A GERMAN JOKE.

(Being a literal translation from the original tongue, and with the former translations diligently compared and revised.):

He Took Him by the Word (title).

A Berliner student spoke in a guest house so much of his own experience that a guest the patience lost and angrily said: "Now, however, have we really enough of that heard, what you do can; tell me now once, what you not can do, and I stand for it that I it do can."

"I," said the student, "now I can my bill not pay, and it enjoys me very, that you it do can." Under the common laughter had to the guest his promise keep.

Chem. Professor—Where have you smelled this gas outside of the laboratory?

Gaiser—Outside the door.

Shalit (translating Latin)—The men embraced themselves and the doe flew through the sky.

THAT ASSEMBLY SINGING.

Smith—We sure had some *bass* singing.

IN CHEMISTRY.

Professor—What are the different classes of foods?

Student—Carbohydrates, fats, protein and minerals.

Feller—And vegetables.

Professor—How did the Romans make their roads?

Kleinman—I don't know.

Professor—Well, first they put in stones as big as your head and about as hard—

Hayes (leading cheers)—We'll have a bean soup; all get in it.

Once when detention was my doom,
I landed in the teacher's room;
He laughed and he joked,
And much fun at us poked,
And so chased away all my gloom.

A FEW GERMAN TRANSLATIONS.

"Her skirts capsized her ankles."

"The washing was drying briskly."

"After hesitating, the curtain exalted itself."

"For the mighty steam-whistle croaked through the night."

A hard-working fellow is Hayes;
He's busy most all of his days;
He hurries and hustles—
With all problems tussles—
He's a model in all of his ways.

A violin-player, Gianettino,
Plays all the music that we know;
He scrapes and he scratches,
Makes music in batches,
This violinist, Gianettino.

Dempsey (to Casler, who has interrupted him while talking)—Say, who's talking, you or I?

Casler—Nobody.

Dempsey—Well, go ahead.

Duncan (to Ecker)—Say, Dan, what's blacker than a blackbird?

Ecker—I don't know. What?

Ned—Its feathers.

Miss Osborne—Do you like diamond or ruby rings?

Miss Poland—Just now I'd rather have the bell *ring* for dismissal.

Miss Popkin (translating)—I killed him because he killed me.

SENIOR BIRDS.

The Owl .....Samuel Kudish
The Sparrow .....Ogden Smith
The Nightingale .....Myra Kohn
The Magpie .....Helen Hale
The Parrot .....Samuel Rubin
The Nutcracker .....Perry Foster
The Swan .....Margaret Sawyer
The Lark .....Class Sociable
The Linnet .....Esther Kroeger
The Warbler .....Edna Holwick
The Cuckoo .....Eva Biddleman
The Eagle .....Mr. Stearns
The Mocking Bird..... 4B Class
The Blue Bird .....Bess MacEvoy
The Swallow .....Lillian Farrell

We hope you all noticed our African football team! Speaking of mud, for once the boys were all "dear ducks," and Bobby could not be recognized by his hair!

A PSALM OF SCHOOL.

(Adapted.)

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
That I cannot graduate;
For I've studied in my slumbers,
Studied early, studied late.

School is real! School is earnest!
Graduation's not its goal;
Each P. G. to it returneth,
Delves in lessons like a mole.

Not for pleasure, nor for sorrow,
Are we kept in day by day;
But to study for to-morrow
What we should have known to-day.

Former students all remind us
When we leave forever more,
We, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the corridor.

Footprints some 1B can follow,
Looking for his room in vain;
Footprints some belated fellow,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Let us hope to graduate.

A—What are you doin'?
B—Oh, I'm due in detention.

Stude 1—Did you hear about the explosion?
Stude 2—No, what was it?
Stude 1—The wind blew up the river.

1st Stude—Macaulay was a prodigy. He talked when he was one month old.

2nd Stude—That's nothing. Job cursed the day he was born.

HEARD IN THE LUNCH ROOM.

1st Stude—Gee, I get the same thing down here every day.

2nd Stude—Yes? What? Soup?

1st Stude—No, indigestion.

High—What are you studying there?
Jinks—I'm studying to get ahead.
High—You need one.

Teacher—What are the three most used words?
Stude—I don't know.
Teacher—Correct, sit down.

Stude 1—What is the difference between a bird with one wing and a bird with two?

Stude 2—I don't know; what is it?

Stude 1—Oh, just a matter of opinion (a pinion).

PERSONALS.

Casler—I gained five pounds during the summer.

Barney—Yes, and all of it above your collar bone.

Rocco—How do you say "in Rome" in Latin?
De Franzo—Romae.
Rocco—No, that means "at Rome."

HE'S RIGHT.

Feller—Gee, I saw a ghost to-day.
Fein—How did it look?
Feller—Like a fool.

Fein—G'wan, you were afraid of your own shadow.

We Ford travelers find them pretty crank-y propositions these cold mornings.

ECONOMICS CLASS DISCUSSING "VALUE."

Kaiser—Well, are any one's brains worth anything?

Werner—Not yours, Kaiser.

People usually slept in fortified houses with arms at their sides.

"Oh, it's raining still."
"No, it isn't, it's raining rain."

"Oh, dear!"
"What's the matter?"
"My headache is aching again."

Ogden Smith—Don't forget your pictures; come any time after twelve in the morning.

Prof.—I wish you wouldn't lick the desk varnish, I never thought of it as being particularly healthful.

SOME NUTS.

Enterprising Freshman—Have you heard the joke about the walnut and the hickory nut?

Soph.—Aw, don't try to crack that one here; that's a chestnut.

G. Smith's translation of "I have wished a hundred times I were a soldier," was—"I have wished I were a hundred soldiers."

WHO IS IT?

Who is it makes my lessons long,
And says I can stand it for I am strong,
And delights my misery to prolong?
My teacher!.
Who is it grins with all his might,
As he calls upon me to recite,
To hear me flunk his chief delight?
My teacher!!
Who is it makes my life so drear,
When to others it's bright and clear,
And makes me wish my end were near?
My teacher!

Ex.

In sewing room Georgy had just ripped material.

Teacher—Oh, how did you come to rip (reap) that?

Georgy—I didn't, I came to sew (sow).

Mr. Dumm—Did you know that there is some sulphur in the human body? It varies in different people.

NOTE: That's why some of us make better matches than others.

President—Will you please come to order—Mr. Gilman has something to say.

Mr. G. (addressing class)—Please don't get too orderly—I wouldn't feel at home.

"Gee, that's beastly weather, isn't it?"

"Well, no. The only creature I know of that would like this kind of weather is a duck. A duck isn't a beast. A duck's a fowl. I would call it fowl weather."

Room 85—What are the principal parts of the verb "to like?"

Stude—Past is love.

Teacher—No, you mean the future is love.

TOLD OF DEMPSEY IN YEARS GONE BY.

Teacher—Have you read "Freckles"?

D.—No.

Teacher—Have you read "Paradise Lost"?

D.—No.

Teacher—Have you read "Julius Cæsar"?

D.—No.

Teacher—Well, what have you read?

D.—Teacher, I have red hair.

Professor—Conjugate the verb "to attack."

Stude (to neighbor)—What's the word for attack?

Neighbor—Darn if I know.

Stude—Darnifino, darnifinos, darnifinat.

And a general roar prevented further ravings.

Francis (to teacher)—I see the first one, but I don't see the point in the second.

Barney—Here's a pin—you can *feel* it anyway.

LUNCH ROOM ETIQUETTE.

Marj. Taylor (in lunch room *on Friday*)—Oh, girls, I'm worried. I took the last salmon croquette there and I should have left it for somebody that can't eat anything else to-day.

2B (to youngster)—Say, kid, it may be good cake but keep your lunch hooks away from mine.

Miss *Frost* might freeze my *Hart,* but can she *Myer* (my ear)?

Perry (Senior ACROPOLIS meeting)—Haven't any of you suggestions for a name for the paper? Rieman, have you a name?

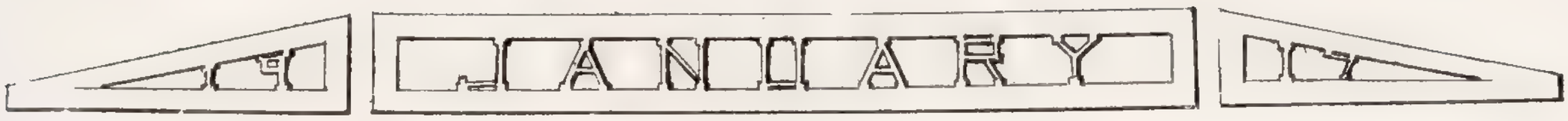
Rieman—No, I haven't any.

Poor boy.

If a bright blue tie you want to see,
Just walk upstairs to eighty-three.
If Herbell is anywhere in sight
You can't miss the tie—it's really so bright!

If *Alice Frost* were only *Jack*
'Twould be more apropos,
For weather cold with *Field* and *Hill*
Covered white with snow.

"Link" GaiseR
Helen HAllock
C. O. SMith
Evelyn CampBell
Carol PhilLippi
Halsey StickEl
NoRman Hayes



OUR TEACHERS.

One day *Thomas, Richard's Gardner,* whose *Field* was *North* of the *Rine,* took his *Coult* and *Rowden* to town to get some *Wood* and *Stone,* and to see the *Taylor, Barbour,* and *Smith(y).* He wanted to *Cross(e)* the *Barr* and see Dr. *Dann Matthews* about his *Hart* but he didn't have the *Price.* It was hard *Pullen,* because the *Hill* was covered with *Frost,* and he thought he was going to his *Dumm* for as he got to a *Noll* he started to *Skidmore* than ever.

We've had some pretty cold mornings this year
But think you that *we* need have any fear?
When Dempsey and Kilgus, and Neal are around
We have all the heat that could be found.

First Stude—Do you know what's become of the dictionary.

Second Stude—I guess Pilling swallowed it.

The clock in 35 looks sick,
  Its face has fallen in;
Perhaps it just forgot to tick,
  Or committed some great sin.

HEARD IN 55.

Feller—Do you know who wrote Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner"?

Giuliano—No, who did?

WHY IS IT IMPOSSIBLE?

To walk over the bridge of your nose?
To travel by the roots of your hair?
To echo the hollow (hallo) of the back?
To play hymns on your digestive organs?
To brush up a curl of the lip?
To embark in one of the vessels of your lungs?
To wear a feather in your knee-cap?
To teach a pupil of the eye?

Miss M.—How I wish I were a man.

Fein—Do you, really?

Miss M.—Yes, don't you?

Sometimes our teachers get so *Crosse*
  A pullin' (*Pullen*) information,
It really can't be said of course
  Of Professor (Mr.) *Jayson.*

The "Cutters' Club" has blossomed along
And meets now and then for fun and song,
In school news we'll not get a space
For a little room here we beg with grace.

What is it you say? Well, think it o'er
As Detention Hours on us pour.
We "Sociable Players," just seven or eight
With anxiety await our final fate.

I. Rubin—The dentist took my nerve out today.

A. Press—Is he going to put a new one in?

Egenberger—Where's the thread?

Browning—On the spool.

(Reading his book report)—The southern spy was not detected, because he wore a *union suit.* (Oh, how modest.)

Five little 1B's
  Trying to learn more,
One did not study
  Then there were four.

Four little 1B's
  "Green" as could be,
One tried to "cut"
  Then there were three.

Three little 1B's
  Each feeling blue,
One became homesick
  Then there were two.

Two little 1B's
  Both full of fun,
One couldn't do Latin
  Then there was one.

One little 1B
  Bright as the sun,
He passed his grade
  Then there was none.

Mr. Gilman—Can you girls hear me?

Kiell—Yes, sir.

Prof. in 65—Please make less noise—Gaiser says he can't read.

He ought to be ashamed of himself, I could read when I was five years old.

Foster (after election)—This world isn't square!

Stickel—Of course not, it's round!

Foster—It isnt, it's crooked!

Why does Nellie Cook
  Helen Hale
  Elsie Dey (die)
  Douglas Wherett (wear it)

A careless young fellow is Stickel;
In his way he is very fickle;
  He acts very daft—
  Just like a young calf—
And often he gets in a pickle.

I WONDER.

Why Mr. Potter had to fix his camera after Cornelia Sayre left?

Why Margaret Poland monopolizes the wardrobe during the lunch hour?

Why Fein blushes when a girl speaks to him?

What Greifinger said when he slipped on a bananna peal the other day?

Why Edna Holwick limped after her dance with Giannetino?

Math. Teacher (to girl stude who is reciting at the board)—Your figure is not very good.

Stude—It's none of your business.

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT!

English Teacher—What was the Bastile?

Stude—I don't know.

English Teacher—It's the historical prison of Paris. I was there once.

Roder in Physics Class—Why is it we don't get an electric shock when we get in a trolley car?

Miss Edsall—I got a shock on a car yesterday. I got a seat.

Stude (translating)—*Uber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh"*—On all hilltops is rest.

Voice in rear—There's not much rest on this hilltop.

Our great mathematician, Bill Rieman, has figured out that by combining the energy wasted by Shalit asking foolish questions and by Feller telling equally foolish jokes, a breeze would result that would be strong enough to turn a windmill 27 4-37 times around in one minute.

IN CHEM.

Mr. Meyer (lecturing on an experiment)—I used a hickory nut, but any other nut would have done the same.

Schlosser—Come around some day and I'll give you a ride on my sled.

Salzman—On the level?

Schlosser—No, on the hill.

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY FROM IT.

Keil—I hear that Barnum & Bailey ordered forty Fords.

Katzin—What for?

Keil—For an elephant skating act.

Urmy—Hey, Mentz, lend me a nickel?

Mentz—Sure. Have you got change for a quarter?

Mr. Stearns—Tickets at the school, $10; at the gate, $25; $1.00 for automobiles—all kinds.

He (becoming poetic)—As the evening wore—

She (sarcastically)—What did the evening wear?

He—Well, I suppose it wore the close of a summer's day.

HEARD IN GYM.

Instructor (to students drilling)—When I say halt, put the foot that's on the ground beside the one that's in the air and remain motionless.

Jim—I'm going to move to Providence.

John—Are you?

Jim—No; R. I.

HEARD IN THE GLEE CLUB.

1st Stude—I heard you singing just now.

2nd Stude—Yes, I sing a little to kill time.

1st Stude—Well, you certainly have a good weapon.

Teacher—A biped is anything that goes on two feet. Can you name one?

Won Bee—Sure; a pair of stockings.

IN SCIENCE.

Teacher—Scientists say that trees have contributed much heat to the atmosphere.

Won Bee (reminiscently)—Yes, many's the time I've been warmed by the birch.

Bob—I know a man who can tell your name just by looking at your hand.

Rob—Well, that's nothing wonderful. I know a man who can tell your name just by looking at your mug.

Bob—Who?

Rob—Why, a barber.

Bill—Why do you wear such a loud vest?

Clarence—Well, the doctor told me to keep a check on my stomach.

Jack—Why do you always play hymns on your piano?

Jill—Well, it's an upright piano.

Teacher (reading in English)—A sound of music came from the deep blue sea.

Voice from rear—It must have been the fish running their scales.

HEARD IN GREEK HISTORY.

Teacher—What became of Ninevah?

Stude—It was destroyed.

Teacher—Right—What became of Tyre?

Stude—It was punctured.

Teacher (to student reciting)—That's enough.

Student (not hearing, continues reciting)—You be quiet, until you're asked.

OUR LATEST PLAYS.

Show of Wonder—Our class day.

Seven Chances—What we wish when we flunk.

Mile a Minute—John Dana's speed to the lunch room.

The Music Master—Gianettino.

Such is Life—Four years at B. H. S.

The Girl from Brazil—Edna Holwick.

Follow Me—What the pony says when we can't get the translation.

The Man Who Came Back—Chief.

Nothing But The Truth—What our report cards tell.

Mind Your Own Business—What each one of us should do.

What is a Rath bone
Phillip pie
Rei man
Po land
Hol wick
Camp bell
Bau chelle (shell)

NEW BOOKS.

Merry Tales—Life at B. H. S.

Dark Forest—Exams.

Fall of a Nation—Flunkers.

Great Temptation—To cut.

Rising Tide—Class of '17.

Profit and Loss—Those who pass and those who flunk.

Shadows of Yesterday—Four years at High.

Dark Tower—Detention Room.

Guiding Thread—Mr. Stearns.

Co-directors—Our teachers.

Winged Victory—Graduation.

Worn Doorstep—B. H. S.

Wonderful Year—Fourth year of B. H. S.

Other People's Business—Those who don't mind their own.

Partners of the Night—Class night.

Far Cry—The future.

Outlaw—The flunker.

Splendid Chance—H. S. education.

REASON ENOUGH.

Mr. Jayson—Feller, why isn't your work up to the standard?

Feller—Well you see, Shalit sits in front of me, Kaltman on one side of me and Mentz on the other side and—

Mr. Jayson—You're excused.

IN CHEM.

Mr. Dumm—Who knows anything about red phosphorus?

Mentz (waking up)—He isn't in school today.

1st Stude—I've got a new dog.

2nd Stude—Yeah, what's his name?

1st Stude—I named him Tonic, because he's a mixture of bark, steal (steel) and whine (wine).

A POOR EXCUSE IS BETTER THAN NONE.

Miss H. (after Rubine had failed in his recitation)—How much time did you spend on your lesson?

Innocent "Rube"—I dunno; the clock stopped before I finished.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

1st Soldier—Well, I'll go to Sea Girt this summer.

2nd Soldier—That's good; give Gertie my regards.

AN INNOCENT SENIOR.

"Fat" Golberg (after football practice)—I just made two touchdowns.

Schilling—Who won?

"Fat"—We did—6-0.

A QUICK JOB.

The Boss (to a small boy inquiring for a job in a grocery store)—How many ounces in a pound?

Brightness—Twelve.

Boss—Take your coat off and get to work.

CLEVER.

Guard—Password!

Member—Matzes.

Guard—Pass over.

"Be it ever so lonely, there's no place like your home."

"Be it ever so homely, there's no face like your own."

WISE.

1B—How would you like to take a ride without worrying about tires and the other parts of a car?

Perry (fixing a puncture)—I would like to.

1B—Well, here's a car ticket.

There is a fellow named Spinner,
He looks as though he never eats dinner;
In Latin he's fine,
In Chem. he gets nine;
Nevertheless he always grows thinner.

1st Comedian—Why is a joke like an egg?

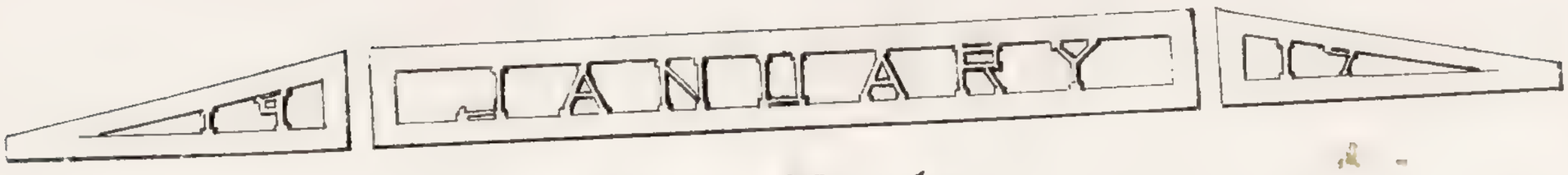
2nd Comedian—I dunno, why?

1st Comedian—Because it must be cracked before it can be absorbed.

A U. S. Citizen—This country is called the "Land of the Free and Home of the Brave."

Foreign—Why is it called "Land of the Free and Home of the Brave?

The U. S. Citizen—Because married men and bachelors live in it.



Class Knocks

Angus, Madelyn. "Too much of a good thing."

Armbruster, Ethel. "Her statue tall—I hate a dumpy woman."

Bauchelle, Helen. "Which not even critics criticise."

Berthold, Lillian. "But for mine own part, it was Greek to me.

Biddleman, Eva. "My kingdom for a pony."

Cairns, Regina. "Something between a hindrance and a help."

Campbell, Evelyn. "Patience and shuffle the cards."

Carlucci, Grace. As for Grace Carlucci, we scarce know what to say, "'Cept she anchors at the mirror every minute in the day."

Caruso, Joseph. "His name is great in mouths of wisest censure."

Cook, Nellie. "Anything but history, for history must be false."

Cryan, Rose. "My life is one horrid grind."

Dana, John. "And still they gazed and still the wonder grew, that one small head could carry all he knew."

D'Alessio, Joseph. "He has a ready turn for ridicule his wit costs him nothing."

D'Auria, Florence. "Style is the dress of thoughts."

Dey, Elsie. "She is fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads of May."

De Fronzo, Morando. "In every deed of mischief he had a heart to resolve."

Del Vecchio, Abel. "The praise of Bacchus only the good musician sang."

Douthert, Melville. "No man can lose what he never had."

Farrell, Lillian. "On with the dance, the iron tongue of midnight has tolled twelve."

Fein, Bernard. "We grant although he had much wit, he was very shy of using it."

Feller, Sigmund. "You beat your pate and fancy wit will come, knock as you please, there is nobody home."

Finkelstein, Tillie. "All nature wears one universal grin."

Foster, Perry. "Experience hath made him sage."

Gaiser, Lincoln. "Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall."

Gianettino, Louis. "His curly locks and dewy hair, would raise envy in a goddess fair."

Goldberg, Walter. "Let me have men about me that are fat."

Golinski, Steven. "Beware the fury of a patient man."

Greifinger, Marcus. "A 'horse,' a 'horse' my kingdom for a 'horse.'"

Guliano, Anthony. "He who hath obtained the glory of day."

Hagadorn, Evelyn. "The maid with looks so worn."

Hale, Helen. "The sweetest sound on earth (?) a woman's tongue."

Hallock, Helen. "And here's to Helen Hallock, ever ready for a lark—we know right well she can, but *will* not toe the mark."

Halsey, Blanche. "I have no other but a woman's reason, I think him so, because I think him so."

Hayes, Norman. "Behold! his godlike gait reveals itself."

Haythorn, Marion. "I'm sure you remember of old, for she has stuck to Barringer as years around rolled."

Holwick, Edna. "Confusion now hath made its masterpiece."

Poland, Margaret. "There is a garden in her face, where roses and white lillies grow."

Popkin, Rose. "Still water runs deep."

Porter, Helen. "Better late than never."

Rathbone, Josephine. "She is pretty to walk with, and witty to talk with."

Rieman, William. "Deep calleth on to deep."

Rickenbacker, Rufus. "The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art, reigns more or less and glows in every heart."

Rocco, Louis. "Thou hath a stout hand and a stout heart."

Rubin, Samuel. "Eile mit Weile."

Sawyer, Margaret. "Miss Sawyer, way from Forest Hill, has sure reformed of late (?) she never used to start for school before 8.58."

Sayre, Cornelia. "And laughter holding both her sides."

Schilling, Moses. "He never says a foolish thing, nor ever does a wise one."

Schlink, Margaret. "Miss Schlink has gained a name of great fame. More important work—eat first is her aim."

Hurst, Mary. "Treasures not men, have always been my mark."

Ilkowitz, Milton. "Minds that have nothing to confer, find little to perceive."

Johnson, Eugene. "A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing."

Keehner, Alice. "Laugh and the world laughs with you."

Kohn, Myra. "I had rather than forty shillings I had my book of songs and sonnets here."

Kroeger, Esther. "Up, up, my friend, and quit your books, for surely you'll grow double."

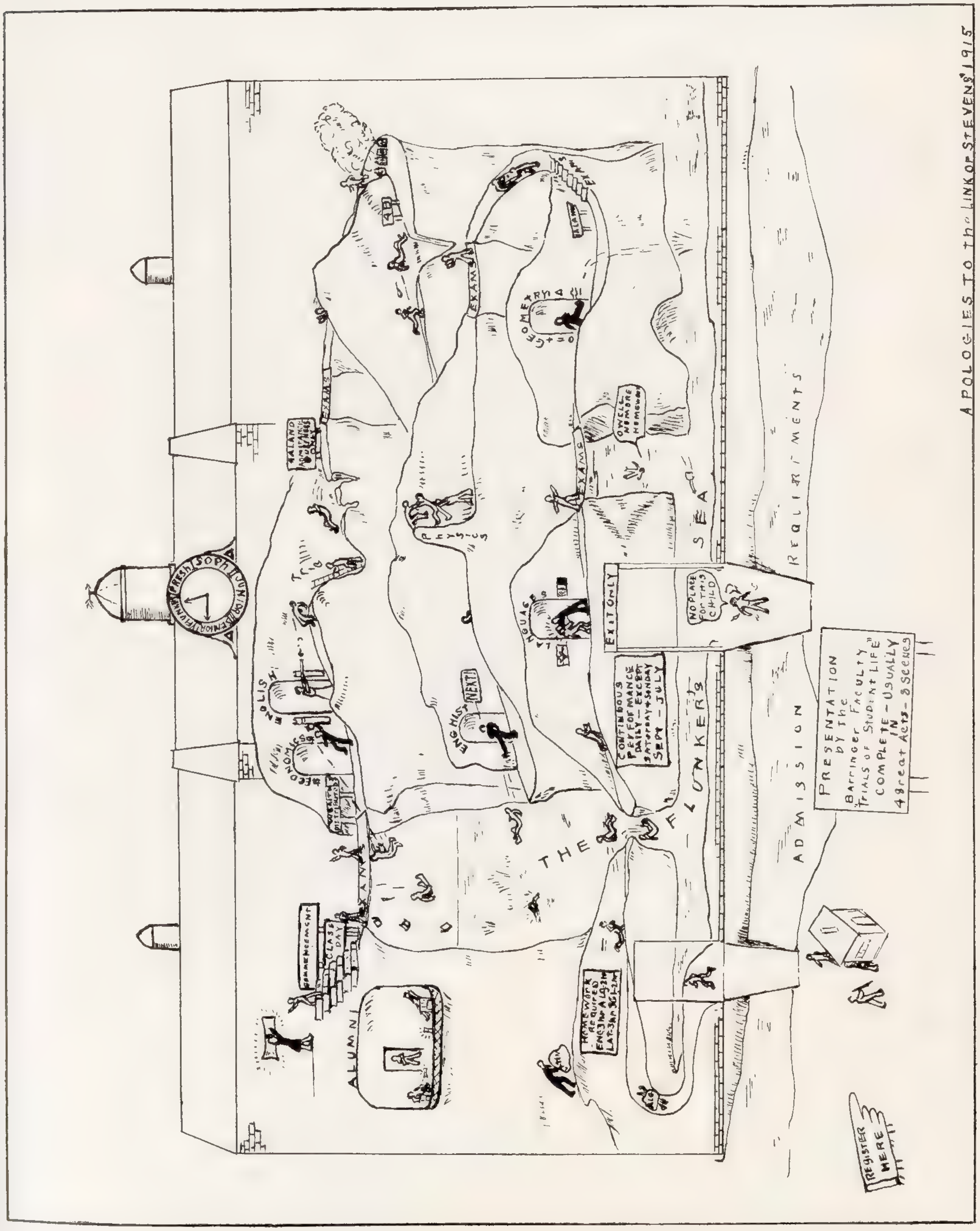
Kudish, Samuel, "He dreamed strange dreams."

MacEvoy, Elizabeth. "Fools are my theme, let satire be my song."

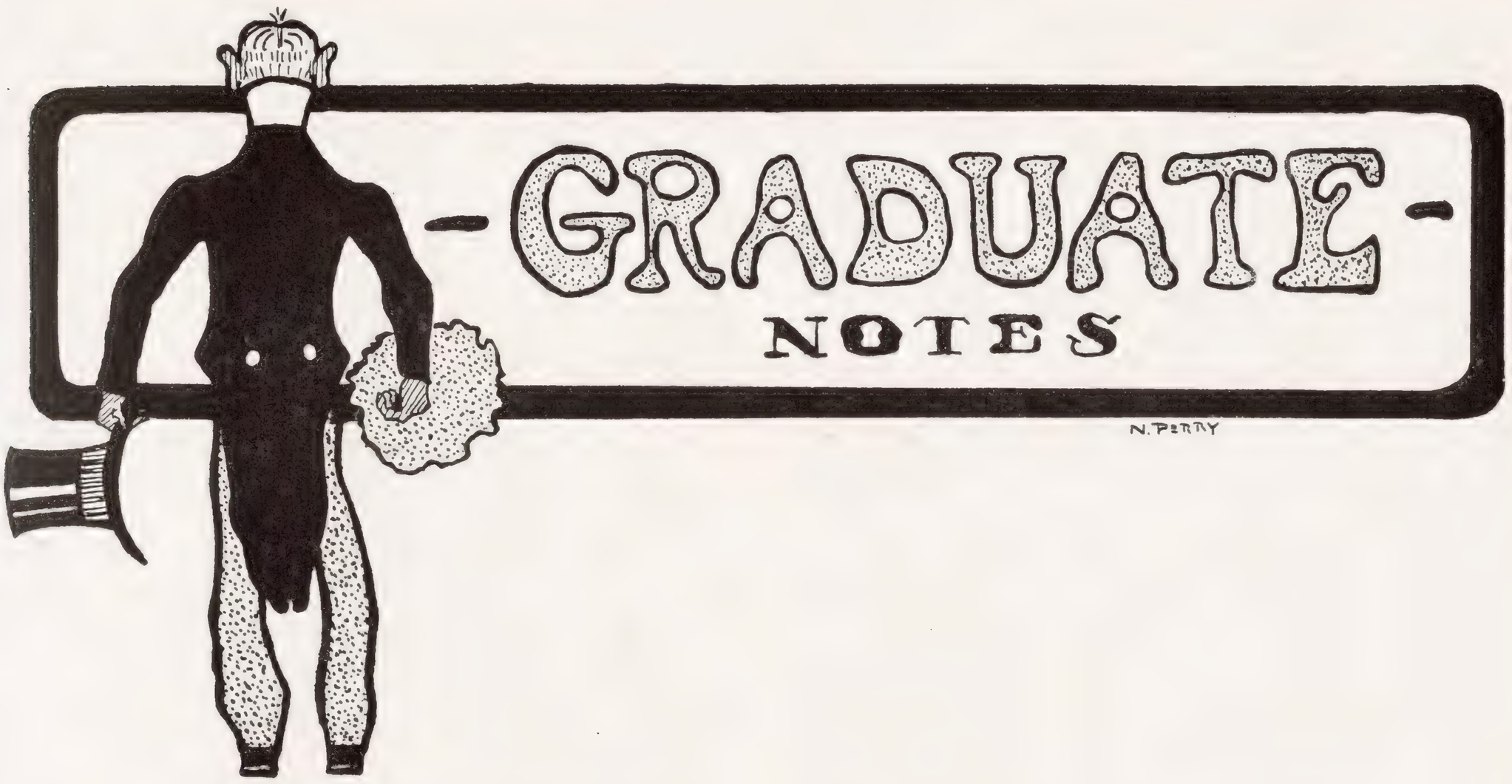
Megaro, Joseph. "Let the world slide, let the world go, a fig for care and a fig for woe."

(*Continued on page* 85.)

JANUARY


APOLOGIES TO the LINK OF STEVENS' 1915
ENTRANCE
EXAMS
EXAMS
EXAMS

MAIN BUILDING AND CARNEGIE LABORATORY OF ENGINEERING



STEVENS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.

By H. D. Gregory.

Stevens Institute of Technology is a college of engineering. Founded in 1870, it was the first college to give the degree of mechanical engineer. The grounds cover about eighteen acres, known as Castle Point, on the west bank of the Hudson River, directly opposite the lower section of New York City. There are four large buildings devoted to recitation and laboratory work, and in addition, the Castle, which from 1784 to 1911 was the home of the Stevens family, famous in engineering annals, but which is now occupied as a student hall.

The proximity of Stevens to New York City affords exceptional opportunities for students and faculty. These include the inspection of a wide variety of manufacturing and power plants, including marine as well as land installations of the latest and largest types.

Profitably to pursue an engineering course, a student should have a liking for mechanical things, and for mathematical and scientific studies. With these he may reasonably hope to become a successful engineer or to occupy a high commercial station in engineering work.

The newcomer at Stevens is at once impressed by the absence of faculty restraints. In prep. school his conduct was no doubt subject to the close supervision of the faculty. At Stevens, however, it is the student himself who exercises the restraint. This is in accordance with the Honor System by which the undergraduates are governed, and which was installed at the request of the students some years ago. The "Honor Board" is a body consisting entirely of undergraduates, whose business it is to investigate infraction of the rules, and only in the event of conviction is the offender's name, together with the punishment deemed suitable, communicated to the faculty.

The Honor System also applies to written tests and final examinations. At these, no faculty supervision is exercised, the student being placed on his honor as a gentleman to conduct himself fairly and honestly, any questions arising being submitted to the Honor Board, representatives of which are present at all examinations. The system has been in successful operation for nine years and has found favor with the students and faculty because of the good results obtained.

The management of the student activities rests with the "Student Council," which is made up of the presidents and vice-presidents of the four classes, the managers of the teams, and representatives from the various college organizations. Fortnightly meetings are held, at which the council discusses student affairs and enacts legislation for their control.

A student while pursuing an engineering course, rarely knows the conditions that will confront him in the future, and only the broadest possible study of fundamental engineering principles will prepare him to take advantage of opportunities that may arise at the time of graduation or later. The opportunity may lie apparently in steam engineering, gas or gas-power engineering, electrical engineering, railroad engineering, structural engineering, hydraulic engineering, heating and ventilating engineering, chemical engineering, or industrial engineering; but whichever it is, it will lead inevitably into intimate contact with some, if not all, of the other fields if the position is one of desirable breadth. Each

field involves structures, engines, and machines as a basis of operation.

A broad course in Mechanical Engineering lays stress on *fundamental* structures, engines, and machines *for all purposes;* provides thorough advanced courses in the sciences on which the several branches of engineering are based, and gives a necessary training in commercial and cultural studies. The student is impressed with the necessity of practicing engineering in harmony with the best commercial ideals and methods. At Stevens all students pursue exactly the same course of study, and all graduates receive the degree of Mechanical Engineer. With this degree Stevens men are prepared to enter any field of engineering upon graduation, as is amply proved each year. Her graduates in large numbers have reached the highest positions, as executive officers of some of our largest corporations, as manufacturers, as professors, as inventors, as constructors, and as consulting engineers. The alumni of Stevens have had an incalculable influence in the marvelous advance which America has made in the forty-four years since Stevens was founded.

One of our alumni assisted at the birth of the electric light in Edison's laboratory, and helped to install the first electric central station in the world, in Pearl street, New York.

Stevens men were the pioneers in the new science of works management, and invented the high-speed steel which has revolutionized the art of metal cutting. In steam engineering, Stevens men have always been at the front, and some of our alumni have done a great deal of research work in this branch of the profession; one of them now occupies the position of advisory engineer of the largest boiler company in the world and is probably the leading expert in his line.

Stevens men have been prominent in the railroad field, and several of them have occupied leading positions with the Pennsylvania Railroad, including that of vice-president and general superintendent of motive power. Another alumnus is vice-president of the Southern Pacific Railroad. In many other fields of engineering Stevens men have been equally renowned.

The foundation for all this good work of the alumni has been laid at Stevens Tech. It may not be generally understood that the tuition fees of the student have paid but a fraction of the cost of their training. It has been estimated that each man graduated costs the college about $800 more than his tuition fees. In addition to this, there have been many students who have had scholarships, or who have otherwise received tuition free, in part or entirely. Among the scholarships which have been founded are those of the American Railway Master Mechanics' Association, which has thus shown its appreciation of the valuable training which is given at Stevens.

In considering a college many men base their first judgment upon their impressions of its athletic teams. It is true that Stevens is best known and rightly so, for its splendid engineering course, but it would be a great mistake to infer that we do not lay stress on athletics. Everybody is urged to make use of the athletic field, and to engage in some sport to make himself physically fit to carry on his studies.

The Musical Clubs should be an especially attractive activity to the prep. school student and future son of Stevens, for they furnish the common meeting ground for athletes and non-athletes.

The Dramatic Society, though a comparatively new organization, has shown great activity and afforded much pleasure to its members and the student body as a whole. Its musical comedies are always awaited as important social events.

There is no greater single asset that a man can have than to be able to speak well while on his feet—to say just what he wants to say in just the way he wants to say it, clearly, concisely, and logically. To develop just this ability in its members is the object of the Debating Club. Not to make star debaters of a few, but to give every fellow an opportunity for self-development, has been the keynote of the club's work.

At the Tech are eight Greek letter fraternities, the members of which meet the incoming classes with a hearty welcome. Many social events are held at the chapter houses during the college year.

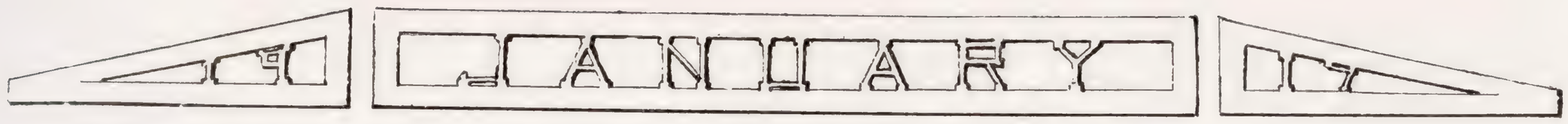
These many attractive social events not only make the life here a pleasant one, but through them the broadening effects of good fellowship are experienced, and many lifelong friendships are formed of inestimable worth to the college man in after years.

The Stute, the college paper, published weekly by the undergraduates, chronicles all the college and alumni events. Membership on the board is obtained by competition.

Each spring the junior class issues "The Link," the college annual, which contains accounts of all the activities of the year. The book is bound in a leather cover and contains many photographs of the teams, classes, faculty, and college events.

Admission to Stevens is either by certificate from principals of approved preparatory four-year courses; by examination by the College Entrance Examination Board, or by examination at the college. Full particulars regarding admission, course of study, names, and positions of graduates, etc., are given in the college catalogue, which may be obtained by addressing the Registrar.

Besides the possibilities which the efficient engineering training presents, a Stevens man has offered to him that which is called "college life," which means in its truest sense a free chance of development in the midst of most favorable social and educational advantages.



A Word from a Student of the Savage School for Physical Education

About the first question asked by every person who talks with a "Savage" student is, "Do you have anything to do but march and swing clubs?" Few seem to realize that to be able to teach physical training one must know the reasons for giving certain exercises and drills. To know the reasons it is necessary to know what causes these various movements and their results.

To find out these reasons, a very thorough course in physiology is given in which we learn of the most minute structures of the body. The subject termed "Methods of Teaching" shows us the ways to apply this knowledge practically. To be able to give an exercise which stimulates the heart action, or one that requires special mental ability to perform is the result of this part of the theoretical course. To one standing and observing a lesson on the gymnasium floor, it does not occur that exercises are given for any reason but to make the pupils big and strong, and that there might be a certain way to perform different exercises to bring about health and strength.

"Do you know your bones to-day? I am sure he will call on me and I just can't remember those terrible names." This is the commonest cry heard in the corridors and lecture room. For "bones" are about the worst of our troubles exceeded only in "terribleness" by the study of muscles or miology. It is rather a difficult proposition to learn and keep in mind an accurate description of each and every angle and aspect of all the bones in the body with the muscles attached to them. Those of us who are fortunate enough to pass are greatly relieved at the end of the junior year to have the subjects of bones and muscles off our minds. However, they help pave the way for Kinesiology which is a study of the science of movement and is a close second to bones in difficulty.

As physical training has such an important bearing on the preservation of health, it is natural that one should also know hygiene and take up the study of the diseases, their symptoms and cures. Although we are not doctors and will not be when our course here is completed, we can help with our general knowledge, to prevent the spread of disease.

I am sure that three-quarters of the persons who enter the Barringer gymnasium gaze at the word "Anthropometry" on the door near Mr. Broadhead's office, and wonder what it can possibly mean. They will probably continue to wonder unless they take it upon themselves to inquire of Miss Patrick or one of the other instructors. I had an idea of what the word meant before I left Barringer, but at Savage's I have learned in detail the significance of that big word. It is the determination of the weight, measures, strengths and proportions of the human body. One would certainly know we were determining something if he or she saw us with our various instruments as tapes and height-sticks, measuring the members of our various squads. We at least determined that it takes considerable practice to become skilled in this line of work.

These are but a few of the various theoretical subjects which are taught in the two-year course; others are Physiology of Bodily Exercise, Theory of Playgrounds, Principles of Education, Histology and First Aid.

Naturally those at school are chiefly interested in the practical work. We have all kinds of it, including German and Swedish gymnastics, athletics, games, apparatus, folk, aesthetic and interpretive dancing.

The German and Swedish gymnastics are vastly different. German gymnastics are done entirely to rhythm and comprise any number of diverse exercises. Practically all of it is done to music. In German gymnastics more apparatus is used than in Swedish gymnastics. Hand apparatus includes wands, dumb-bells, and clubs. While the heavy apparatus embraces the horse, buck, parallel bars, horizontal bar and ladder, traveling and flying rings.

On the other hand, Swedish gymnastics are done entirely in response to commands. There is no set rhythm and music is never used. The exercises are not varied and are given with a view to the correction of faulty posture. The apparatus is more or less limited and includes buck, Swedish booms, serpentine ladder, ropes and stall-bars.

The athletic course gives a knowledge of the standard games as basketball, baseball, football for the men, hockey and field events as running, jumping, discus throwing and putting the shot. Games are taught that can be used in the gymnasium or on a playground.

The dancing classes are, to many, the most enjoyable of all the floor classes. The aesthetic work develops grace and poise, and strengthens the muscles of the legs, ankles and feet. Chalif, the famous dancing teacher, instructs in this work and inspires even the most awkward.

It is difficult for anyone to imagine herself a bird, joyful and carefree, or leaves fluttering about in a gentle breeze, but this is what the interpretive dancing involves. These very imaginings are brought to our minds through our instructor.

Therefore, marching and swinging clubs are a small part of the education of a physical training instructor.

DOROTHY L. NOBLE,
Barringer—June, '15.
Savage—June, '17.

N. Y. U.

At a time like this, when so many of you are contemplating entering college, perhaps a word from one who was in your position not so long ago, may be helpful, or, in any event, appropriate.

Your big problem is, of course, the choice of a career. Here I can be of little help to you, individually. My advice, given at "long distance," must be general. Suppose you think you ought to be an engineer, because you are proficient in mathematics. But, in addition to proficiency in mathematics, have you the ability to apply yourself to tedious work for long periods of time? Can you endure the irregularity of hours, and the irregular ways of living that are part of an engineer's life during the first years of his career. Have you the ordinary, every-day, horse-sense that engineering requires? Or your success in chemistry makes you think you ought to be a doctor. But are you capable of the kindnesses and the self-sacrifices, have you the high ideals of service which the medical profession demands? Or it may be that you want to be a teacher. Are you a person of broad sympathies, are you actuated by a desire to be helpful?

These suggestions are not very specific or definite, and far from satisfying to you. But, as I have already pointed out, advice of this nature, addressed to a group of individuals, cannot be very specific and definite. In your second problem, however, the choice of a college, I can be more specific.

In the first place, before you make your choice, you would expect a university to satisfy you in certain particulars. You would want to know, for example, the standing of the university among the universities of the country. You would want to know whether the expense of a course is commendable with the state of your finances. You would want to know, also, what opportunities there are for your social development, and for participation in athletic activities.

Suppose we see how New York University qualifies in these particulars. New York University is the third largest university in the United States. Its schools of Applied Science, Medicine, Law, Commerce, etc., rank A-1 among similar colleges in the country. At the heads of the various departments are men not only skilled in the theoretical side of their respective subjects, but expert also in the practical side. But in spite of the high standards of the university, the expense of a course in one of its colleges is exceedingly low when compared to the fees at colleges of similar standing. New York University boasts of being "the poor man's college." The expenses are such as to give a poor boy the opportunity of a college education.

The campus of New York University is among the most beautiful in the world. Its location is such as to combine the advantages of a small college community with those of a metropolis. The variety of organizations on the campus is great enough to afford everyone an opportunity for participating in at least one. There is a Menorah Society, a Literary Society, a Glee Club, a Debating Society, a Dramatic Society, a Deutscher Verein, a Circle Bocaccio, an Engineering Society, a Chess Club, and two publications. There are teams in football, baseball, basketball, tennis, track and gym teams. A liberal policy of management assures an opportunity for participation to all who care to try.

An additional advantage at New York University is the privilege of entering in February. That means a saving of a year.

There is but one more thing I have to say. It will probably be no surprise to you to learn that Barringer men are among the leaders in every class. You will find when you come in contact with men from other prep. schools that they have not all had the advantage of as fine a training as we got in old Barringer.

HARRY BERLIN,
B. H. S., '14.

DID YOU KNOW THAT:

"Don" Axtell is a member of the Dramatic Club at Dartmouth?

Margaret Edge is both secretary and treasurer of the New Jersey Club at Vassar?

Berwyn Neal, June, '16, was one of eight freshmen invited to join the Shakespearean Club at Sweet Briar, and is a member of the Choir?

"Bob" Depue has changed from the University of California to the University of Illinois?

Graham Cairns won a scholarship to Rutgers?

"Bloss" Wilson is vice-president of her class at the State Normal?

Harold Gregory is one of the editors of the *Stevens Stute* and a promising candidate for the Glee Club?

Alston Brandeis played a fine game on the Lafayette football team?

Rupert Mills, a former Barringer star, was on the "stump" for Edge, the Republican candidate for governor?

Marjory Meyers is sargeant of her squad at Savage's?

"Ray" Ward is president of his class at Brown University?

SMITH COLLEGE.

OF course Smith is the most wonderful place in the world. That's understood. But people have such mistaken ideas about college. They thing we're all "grinds," that we wear our hair "skinned" back and affect big horn-rimmed glasses, but, in reality, we're not half-bad. We study. That's what we're here for, but we learn how to get a great deal of studying done, and in between times, have a big lot of fun.

I think our best times are our "bats." Don't misunderstand me—a "bat" is, in prosaic, citified language, a picnic. In the fall we go on long trolley rides up into the mountains and cook our lunch by a stream in the woods, and afterwards go wading, perhaps, or do "stunts" for each other's amusement. In the winter our "bats" are down in the little boat-house on Paradise Pond, where we sit around a big fireplace in the half-light and fry bacon on the coals, and sing.

But in the spring we "play" the most. Northampton is beautiful, then, and the air is so full of energy and life, that one's brain seems to wake up and studying is done in no time. Almost every afternoon one meets a crowd of girls going off for a good time. There's one place, within good walking distance, famous for its hot waffles and syrup, as many as one can eat, for almost nothing. Or better still, one may take one's supply of rolls and sausages to the bank of the Connecticut River, and build a fire there to cook one's supper. Then there are the innumerable walks and the whole of Holyoke range to climb, for a Saturday afternoon—and, finally, I do not believe anyone who has not been to Smith College, knows the real joy on a summer evening, of a five-cent trolley ride.

So you see, when you go to college, it is not all History and Mathematics, and you do not necessarily become a mere thinking machine. You study *hard* when you study, but sandwiched in between classes you have plenty of chance to "play."

EDITH COIT, Barringer, 1914.

Graham Cairns is out for cross country and the gym. team. He won his numerals by winning first place in the pole vault.

William A. Stickel (Barringer-1911) went to Lehigh University. While there, he interested himself in athletics and many social problems, the most prominent of which was the founding of a a night school for foreigners in the Bethlehem Steel Co. After receiving his degree of C. E., he worked for the Standard Oil, and later was appointed (under civil service) Assistant County Engineer of Essex County.

Dudley Sheridan won his numerals in the Freshman-Sophomore baseball game. He is also out for cross country.

Miss Lillian M. Stickel, a former Barringer student, is now confidential secretary to one of the largest manufacturing jewelers in this city.

Holzman has become the captain of Rutger's Cadet Corps.

Ralston Lippincott was placed on the Freshman Track Team.

Fred G. Stickel, Jr. (Barringer, 1904), went to New York University. After being admitted to the bar, he was elected to go to the New Jersey Legislature, where he was instrumental in passing many good laws. He has just been elected to the office of Surrogate of Essex County. He was the youngest surrogate to be elected in the whole United States. Fred is one of the most prominent young lawyers of Newark.

Julius Harder, who graduated from Barringer in 1911, has completed his four years at Lehigh and has received his C. E. degree. He is, at present, Bridge Inspector of the Central Railroad with his headquarters at Scranton, Penn.

William Newman, a former Barringerite, is now completing his last year at New York University.

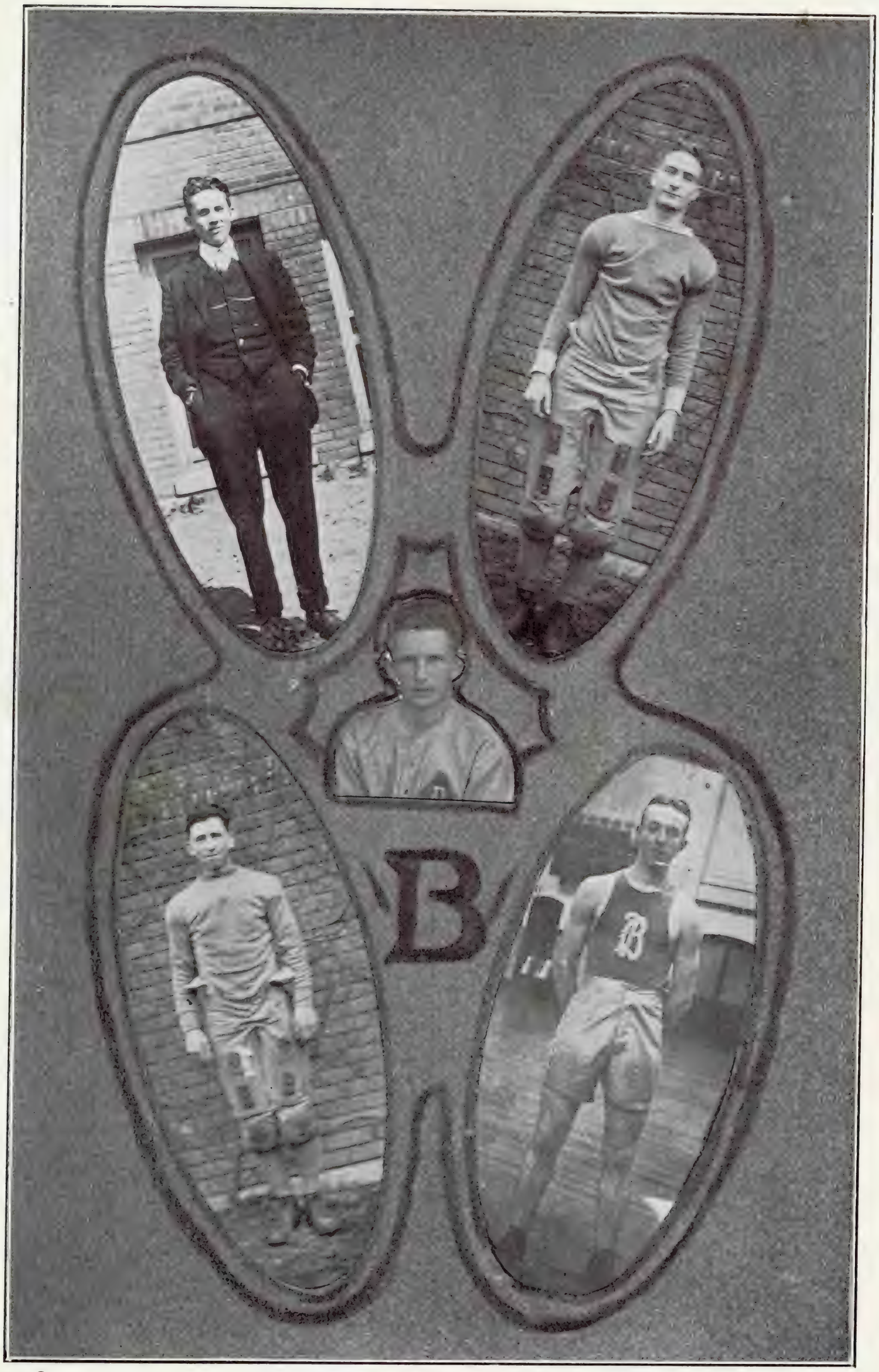
Glückman is now a member of the track team.

Gustav Patz has obtained the position of assistant to the librarian.

Class Votes

1. Favorite Teacher—Dr. Mathews.
2. Done Most for Class (boy)—Ogden Smith.
3. Done Most for Class (girl)—Myra Kohn.
4. Most Popular Girl—Bess MacEvoy.
5. Most Popular Boy—Perry Foster.
6. Most Athletic Girl—Helen Bauchelle.
7. Most Athletic Boy—Anthony Giuliano.
8. Best Looking Girl—Madeline Angus.
9. Best Looking Boy—Eugene Johnston.
10. Best Dresser (girl)—Helen Hale.
11. Best Dresser (boy)—Ogden Smith.
12. Biggest Fusser (girl)—Helen Hale.
13. Biggest Fusser (boy)—Philip Whitlock.
14. Biggest Grind (girl)—Esther Kroeger.
15. Biggest Grind (boy)—Samuel Kudish.
16. Brightest Girl—Alice Keehner.
17. Brightest Boy—William Reiman.
18. Best Dancer (girl)—Margaret Poland.
19. Best Dancer (boy)—Perry Foster.
20. Noisiest Girl—Helen Hale.
21. Noisiest Boy—Sigmund Feller.
22. Quietest Girl—Elsie Dey.

(*Continued on page 79.*)


B

Athletics

Football, 1916

Coaches—William Broadhead and Hermann Pritchard.

Captain—Robert Dempsey.

Manager—Fred Witsel.

Assistant Managers—George Wallhauser, Edward Barney, Alfred Lippman, and Ashton Roberts.

Team Statistics.

Player and Position	Age	Entered B. H. S. From
R. Dempsey, Quarterback	18	Summer Ave.
Dan Ecker, R. Tackle,	19	Sussex Ave.
F. DeHart, R. Guard,	18	Elliot Street
Stephen Golinski, L. Guard,	19	Robert Treat
Mel. Douthert, L. Tackle,	18	Orange High
Dan Noble, Center,	17	Summer Ave.
Beekman Schaeffer, L. End	17	Franklin
Edwin Duncan, R. End,	19	Garfield
Anthony Giuliano, Halfback,	19	Garfield
Ralph Rhinehart, Halfback,	18	Summer Ave.
Louis Ritchie, Fullback,	17	Garfield
Leslie Casler, End,	19	Garfield
Louis Kaiser, Tackle,	19	Robert Treat
S. G regory, Quarterback,	17	Garfield
Geo. Maze, Halfback,	18	E. O. High.
Richard Stringer, line,	17	Summer Ave.
Louis Kuhnle, line,	16	Summer Ave.
John Foster, line,	16	Garfield
George Poole, back,	17	So. 8th Street
Henry Minster, back,	16	Garfield
David Hummel, back,	15	Summer Ave.
Guliano Addonizio, line,	17	Newton Street

BARRINGER DEFEATS RAHWAY IN OPENING TILT.

The first game of the season was played at Rahway. Our boys won from the home team by the score of 22—0. Barringer entered a team composed of practically all veterans, and for early season football, played with considerable skill.

With such veterans as Ecker, DeHart, Noble, Golinski, and Douthert, our defense was impenetrable, and not once did the Rahway boys threaten to cross our goal line. With the exception of Chas. Schneider, we entered the fray with the same backfield which had represented us the previous year.

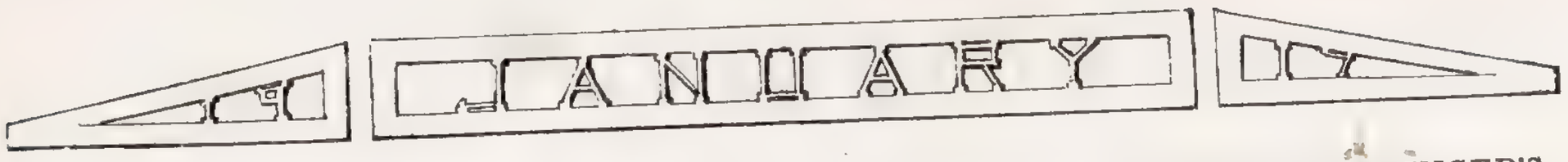
Capt. Dempsey used skilful generalship throughout and gave proof that he was well qualified to lead the team. Rhinehart and Juliano showed considerable speed rounding the ends, and when it came to gaining through the line, Ritchie showed that he was *there* with the punch.

The team played well together and showed that they were in good condition, in spite of the fact that it was the first game of the season. To Mr. Pritchard, who coached the team at this time, goes considerable credit for their excellent showing.

PHILLIPSBURG BARRINGER'S VICTIM.

In its second game our boys defeated their rivals from Phillipsburg by the score of 9—0. For two consecutive years prior to this victory, the game had resulted in a scoreless tie. The game was hard fought from start to finish, the losers going down to defeat only after a bitter struggle.

The game throughout was fast and interesting. The team played as a unit. If any were to be given special mention, probably D. Noble and Giuliano should be mentioned. After this game it was evident that our boys were to have a most successful season, as Phillipsburg was considered to be among the leading high school teams in the State.



BARRINGER DEFEATS MONTCLAIR. SHARES LEAD IN N. J. I. A. A.

Our boys managed to score a 7—0 victory over Montclair, who had probably better material than they have had for a number of years. During the first half, the ball see-sawed back and forth in the mid-field, with neither team gaining much advantage. The Montclair line stubbornly resisted our attack, but the break came when Juliano dashed through the entire Montclair team, evading tackler after tackler, until he had placed the pigskin behind our opponents' goal line. This victory placed Barringer in a tie with East Orange for the lead in the N. J. I. A. A. League. Pearce, Montclair's center, played well, while Boser, his teammate, bore watching throughout the game. Many a time were the Barringer stands excited by his spectacular runs. Captain Dempsey and Rinehart played well for the home team.

SOUTH SIDE BEATEN IN LOOSE GAME.

The boys from downtown came up with high expectations of triumphing over our team, but were forced to go home disappointed. The score, 10—0, would indicate that the game was interesting from the spectators' point of view, but it was not. Fumbles throughout marred the game. For a while, South Side offered strong resistance; but after getting the Johnson Ave. boys on the defense, we showed our fight. Thanks to Fava, South Side's center, we scored two safeties. At the beginning of the second half our boys went back and fought like tigers and soon were rewarded with a touchdown. Doulthert and Ecker, Barringer's tackles, played well, and the former's kick-offs would do credit to a college player. We gained the lead in the N. H. S. A. A. and had only to defeat East Side to be returned N. H. S. A. A. champs once again.

BARRINGER OVERWHELMS EAST SIDE AND CLINCHES N. H. S. A. A. CHAMPIONSHIP.

At the city field, Election Day morning, our boys demonstrated their scoring ability against East Side, overpowering the down-neck boys by the score of 35—0. Schreier, an East Side player, was so badly injured that he was taken to the hospital. While Captain Dempsey was kicked in the head by Captain Bien of East Side, who was removed from the game.

Our boys scored almost at will after the first quarter, and showed a powerful offense. The defense had only light work to hold off the East Side attack. Our backfield worked with such steam engine effect that it was difficult to stop them once they got going. Once again we had triumphed in the city league, and captured the championship.

STEVENS FALLS BEFORE BARRINGER'S ATTACK.

Probably a little over confident, our boys showed no "pep" whatsoever until the second half, and then they rolled up 26 points, holding the "Prep" school boys scoreless. Time and again during the first half, our boys had chances to score, but threw them away by fumbles and poor football. Barringer actually made a poor exhibition.

After a good talking to by Mr. Pritchard, our team came out; and, forgetting the first half, fairly brushed the Stevens team aside, piling up a score of 26 points. This game showed the boys their fault and did them a world of good as shown by the playing in the next game. The result of this game added attraction to our annual Thanksgiving Day battle with East Orange, the N. J. A. A. title being at stake.

BARRINGER DEFEATS STRONG RUTHERFORD ELEVEN.

Playing probably the best football seen in this vicinity in high school ranks, Barringer defeated the formidable Rutherford eleven at the City Field by the score of 27—7. This was the first time Barringer had been scored upon, and that score was gained by a "fluke."

The game from the start was fast. Before the Rutherford team realized that the game was on, we had scored two touchdowns by straight football, the Dempsey-to-Duncan forward pass combination scoring the second.

Duncan, at end, was back in old time form and seemed to be all over the field at once; especially at covering punts was Duncan in the limelight.

Our boys scored again on line bucks just before the end of the second quarter.

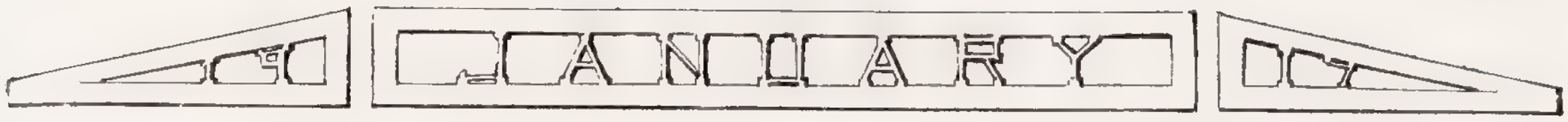
In the second half Rutherford came back with a rush and failed to score until within three minutes of the end of the game, when they forced their way across our goal.

To show the strength of our defense it took the Rutherford team three downs to make about a foot. We had accomplished our object; we had defeated a team which had not been on the small end of a score in three years.

BARRINGER DEFEATS NEWTON.

On a field made soggy by snow, Barringer defeated Newton by the score of 16—6. Again we were scored on by a "fluke" play. The ball hit a Barringer player and rolled behind the goal; and, with all the Barringer players looking on, a Newton player fell on the ball for a touchdown.

It was on account of the wet field that we did not score more, the wet ball causing considerable fumbling on our part. The Newton team was probably the huskiest team we had lined up against, excepting possibly Montclair.



Barringer Retains N. J. A. A. Title

Our boys, by defeating the East Orange High School eleven in the annual battle at Ashland Field, retained the championship title in the New Jersey Athletic Association. When the mud-besmeared warriors left the field the score stood Barringer, 9; East Orange, 0.

Despite the weather and the condition of the field, the game throughout was well played. Our opponents put up a wonderful fight and they deserve great credit for the gameness they displayed. Barringer won the game by straight football and its machine-like play again triumphed as it has in all the games of the season. Probably the best "mud-horse" was Rhinehart, who average from fifteen to twenty yards on running back punts.

Barringer's first score came in the opening period. Paxton, of East Orange, kicked off to Maze, who advanced the ball five yards. On the next play Juliano was thrown for a five-yard loss. By this time the ball was as slippery as a greased pig and Dempsey fumbled, the ball being recovered by East Orange. Returning the favor, Alexander of East Orange, fumbled, and Golinski pounced upon the ball.

Not wishing to take any chance, both teams resorted to the kicking game. Coe, of East Orange, succeeded in outpunting Captain Dempsey by a slight margin. After an exchange of kicks the ball was well in East Orange territory. Coe kicked to Rheinhart, who ran the ball back fifteen yards. Dempsey gained two yards, through tackle, but Barringer was penalized fifteen yards for holding. Dempsey punted to Winner on the twenty-five-yard line and Coe kicked to Rheinhart, who dodged through a broken field for thirty-five yards and probably the most spectacular run of the game. On the next play Juliano gained fifteen yards around end. Rheinhart added three more, but again we were penalized fifteen yards for holding.

On two consecutive end runs, Captain Dempsey gained twenty-five yards, thus bringing the ball to the four-yard mark. Rheinhart made it first down. On a line plunge Dempsey carried the pigskin within three inches of the line and on the next play carried it across. Douthert missed the goal, kicking from a difficult angle.

For the remainder of the period the teams resorted to kicking. At this stage of the game, Winner, East Orange's quarterback, was injured and was replaced by Barker. Holt fell far short on an attempted drop-kick from the forty-yard line and Maze catching the ball returned it fifteen yards. Dempsey then gained twenty yards on an end run. Captain Dempsey punted to Barker who was downed in his tracks by Duncan. With the ball on the thirty-yard line, the half was ended.

Evidently both teams were scrubbed up during the intermission and came back on the field only to be recoated with the heavy mud.

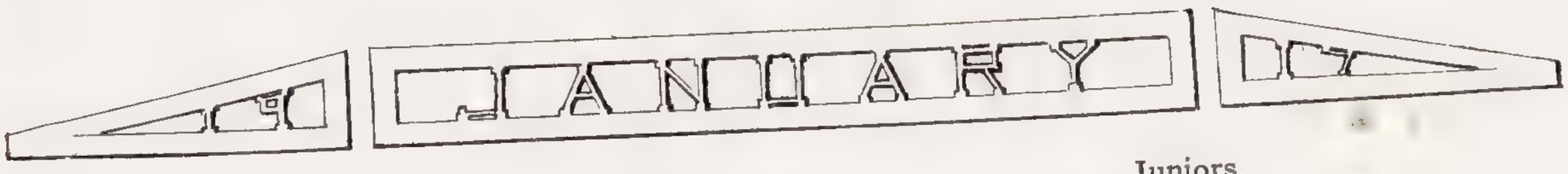
Barringer scored again in the third period. Douthert kicked off to East Orange. After East Orange had fought the ball down the field Barringer kicked back. Holt attempted another drop kick but failed. Our boys rushed the ball to the thirty-five-yard line. A bad pass by Aschenback forced Coe to kick from behind his own goal line. He kicked to Gregory on the thirty-five-yard line, "Sammy" running the ball back twelve yards. Maze gained six on a line buck and Poole added two more. Here East Orange held and Ritchie was send in to try for a field goal. Ritchie standing on the twelve-yard line booted the ball straight over for three points, which proved to be our last score.

In the last period we had a golden opportunity to score when Dempsey, catching the ball on the forty-yard line, ran it to within two inches of the goal line when downed by Seymour. Dempsey fumbled and our chance to score was passed up as Alexander of East Orange fell on the ball. Coe kicked to Dempsey, who ran the ball back twenty yards. Here East Orange held us for downs. At this point East Orange showed great fight, Miller gained twelve yards through the line. Two successive forward passes gained twenty yards. However, another attempted pass Hummel intercepted and the game ended with the ball on twenty-five-yard line. The line-up:

Barringer	*East Orange.*
Schaeffer	W. Holt
Left End.	
Douthert	Calloway
Left Tackle.	
Golinski	Paxton
Left Guard.	
Noble	Aschenbach
Center.	
De Hart	Hetzel
Right Guard.	
Ecker	Gabriel
Right Tackle.	
Duncan	Goedecke
Right End.	
Dempsey	Winner
Quarterback.	
Juliano	Coe
Left Halfback.	
Rheinhart	Alexander
Right Halfback.	
Maze	Dennis
Fullback.	

Score by periods:

Barringer	6	0	3	0—9
East Orange	0	0	0	0—0



Touchdown—Dempsey. Goal from field—Ritchie. Substitutions—Barringer, Kaiser for De Hart, Kuhnle for Golinski, Poole for Rheinhart, Gregory for Dempsey, Foster for Noble, Casler for Schaeffer, Ritchie for Maze, De Hart for Kaiser, Golinski for Kuhnle, Rheinhart for Poole, Dempsey for Gregory, Gregory for Juliano, McLaughlin for Casler, Hummel for Ritchie, Mutcher for De Hart, Stringer for Golinski; East Orange, Barker for Winner, Neidlinger for Alexander, Alexander for Neidlinger, Winner for Barker, Smith for Hetzel, Hetzel for Smith, Mangram for Dennis, Murray for Goedecke, R. Holt for W. Holt, Schryber for Murray. Referee—Vic Schwartz, Brown. Umpire —Leon Saunders, Columbia. Head linesman—John A. Rodgers, Penn State. Field Judge—Charles A. Garrison, Wesleyan. Time of periods —Fifteen minutes.

A glance at our record for this season will reveal one of the most successful seasons ever seen by Barringer students. It is as follows:

B. H. S., 22; Rahway, 0.
B. H. S., 9; Phillipsburg, 0.
B. H. S., 7; Montclair, 0.
B. H. S., 10; South Side, 0.
B. H. S., 35; East Side, 0.
B. H. S., 26; Stevens, 0.
B. H. S., 20; Rutherford, 7.
B. H. S., 16; Newton, 6.
B. H. S., 9; East Orange, 0.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL GAMES.

The girls have been practicing for the last two months and now the time has come for the games. These games will begin immediately after the Thanksgiving vacation.

Schedule of Games.

December 5—Sophs. versus Seniors.
December 8—Fresh. versus Sophs.
December 12—Fresh. versus Juniors.
Decemeber 15—Sophs. versus Juniors.
December 19—Fresh. versus Seniors.
December 21—Juniors versus Seniors.

Everyone should come out and support the team. The games all promise to be exciting.

Those who compose the team and their positions are as follows:

Seniors.

Margaret Poland, Ruth Stevens — Forwards
Helen Bauchelle (capt.), Olive Klem — Guards
Regina Cairns, Centre
Lilliam Berthold, Edith Denton, Lillian Pomrory, Marion Bardsley, Carol Wyeth — Substitutes.
Anna McCarren, Side Centre

Juniors.

Knust, Martin — Forwards
Ward, Florence — Guards
Ehring (capt.), Centre
Kopeloft, Side Centre
Duncan, Ethridge, Schiffmeyer, Thomas, Gardner — Substitutes

Sophomores.

Wandling-Cairns, Priester — Forwards
Rathbone, Barrett — Guards
Begemann, Centre
Reed, Side Centre
Stilwell, Van Emberg, O'Dell, Grimes, Creamer, Knofsky — Substitutes

Freshmen.

Hock, Searles — Forwards
Kopeloff (capt.), Janver — Guards
Borrows, Centre
Lefkowitz, Side Centre
E. Wood, G. Wood, Cooper — Substitutes

GIRLS' SWIMMING TEAM.

Through the great generosity of the A. A., the girls now have a chance to form a swimming team. All swimmers are eligible. Practice will be held twice a week at the Y. W. C. A., under the direction of Miss Punzelt. It is expected that some of our girls will develop into wonderful swimmers, and they may even go so far as to beat the boys. Who can tell?

THE LABOR QUESTION SOLVED.

Eight hours to sleep,
Four to play;
Eight hours to work,
Four to throw away.

A BIT OF CARELESSNESS.

He—You have a beautiful bathing suit on; but aren't you afraid of the sharks?
She—Do the sharks come up on the beach?

Cross Country

Lew Fields, Coach.
Yardley Chittick, Captain.
Gilbert Gregory, Manager.
Edward Sauer, Asst. Manager.

Name.	*Age.*	*Grade*	*Entered from*
Marco Angellilo	17	4 B	Franklin
Donald Banks	16	1A	Garfield
Joseph Byrne	15	2B	St. Peter's, Belly'e
Yardley Chittick	16	3A	Garfield
Milton Condit	17	1A	Garfield
Joseph D'Alessio	15	4A	Seventh Ave.
Edward Gibbons	18	2A	Robert Treat
Hermann Harr	15	2A	Burnett
Stanley Jacobus	18	3A	Summer Ave.
Albert Kolodin	18	4B	East Orange H. S.
Stanley Marshall	17	2A	Glen Ridge
Jerry Melito	15	2A	Seventh Ave.
Percy Miller	15	2A	Burnett
Ralph Minichello	15	1A	Newton
Leon Shackelford	17	3B	Burnett
Elsworth Wood	18	4B	Garfield
Anthony Woosteoff	15	1B	Robert Treat

LIST OF MEETS.

B. H. S, 24; H. S. of Commerce, 31.
B. H. S., 29; Morris H. S., 26.
B. H. S., 23; East Orange H. S., 32.
Bloomfield H. S., 62.
B. H. S., 122; C. H. S., 85; S. S. H. S., —;
E. S. H. S., —.
B. H. S., 23; East Orange H. S., 32.

BARRINGER DEFEATS COMMERCE.

The cross-country team opened the season by a win over Commerce High School of New York. The score was 24-31. The race was a fast one over the three-and-one-half mile course. Chittick finished first, but Banks, Melito and Miller showed up well.

BARRINGER LOSES TO MORRIS.

Barringer lost the second race of the season to Morris High School of New York by the close score of 26-29. A Morris runner led for the first lap of the three-mile course, but he was passed on the second lap by Chittick and Melito, of Barringer, who finished first and second respectively. The team was somewhat weakened by the ineligibility of some of its members. However, full credit must be given to Morris for their excellent team work.

BARRINGER WINS TRIANGULAR MEET.

Our harriers again showed up well when they defeated the De Witt Clinton and the Bloomfield High School teams by the score of 23-35-62. Chittick and Melito gave Locker (captain of De-Witt Clinton a hard fight, but the New York runner crossed the tape first. Our team gave a great exhibition of team work in this race. Following Chittick and Melito came Banks and Condit. Jacobus, Miller, D'Alessio, Angelillo, Gibbons and Byrne finished from ninth to fourteenth in the order named.

BARRINGER SECOND IN CITY MEET.

The City League held its annual cross-country run on November 18. For the first time in the history of the league, each of the four high schools was represented by a team. The race was run over the three-and-one-half mile course and was done in fast time. Central, presenting a well-balanced team, won the race. Woodruff, of Central, was the individual winner. Chittick, who finished in sixth place, was the first Barringer man to cross the tape. Condit was only a few yards behind him. The team, as a whole, ran well and finished in good time.

BARRINGER OUTRUNS EAST ORANGE.

The cross-country team traveled to East Orange on November 25, and returned winners by the score of 23-32. The race, over the East Orange three-mile course, was run in fast time. Chittick led the field during the whole race and finished first. The team thus ended the season well as it had begun it. Congratulations to the team on the fine work of the season.

Exchanges

"Well, have we many exchanges this month?"

"We sure have, and we want to look over all of them, too, you know."

THE ACADEMY JOURNAL.

"I'd just as soon—say, here's the *Academy Journal,* all the way from Norwich Free Academy. I see you've looked at it. What do you think of it?"

"To be perfectly truthful, I don't think very much of it, and I'll tell you why. Take the literature department, for instance. The material in this department impresses me as resembling editorials more than literature. Surely, there must be some students at the Academy who could write stories if they only tried. The department headed 'Doings,' is very incomplete. In this department I found hardly one page of jokes and most of those were exchanges! Then, too, the *Journal* has a long list of exchanges, but none of these papers were criticized—not one!"

"All that may be true, but certainly you must admit that the cover design is neat and attractive, the editorials well written, and that 'Day by Day' is a complete department. Also Athletic and Alumni notes are all that one could desire."

"Let's look at the *Daleville Leader.* What's this? On the very first page the poem 'October.'

THE DALEVILLE LEADER.

It certainly is a very nice little poem, but what is it doing on the first page of the paper? I think a table of contents should precede all the reading matter."

"Yes, that certainly does improve the appearance of a paper. Then, too, what is the story, 'The Turning Point,' doing in the space allotted to the editorials?"

"It's a good story, though, as is 'Nature Seen From a Jitney.' 'Locals' are clever, but there are not enough of them. Athletic Notes and Alumni Notes are full and interesting."

"Those departments are good, but the Exchange Department could be greatly improved. In my opinion the best form is to acknowledge all the exchanges and criticize some few at length. Of all the members of the board, the business manager deserves the most praise. It must have taken some time, as well as much hypnotic power, to get all those 'ads.'"

"Let's look at this paper way down at the bottom of the pile. To be sure, the cover doesn't look very good, but maybe there is something better inside."

THE KERNEL, LOUISVILLE BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL.

"I should say there is. The *Kernel* is just full of good things. It's about the best I've seen this month. You ought to take time to read 'For Sale—A Bow and Arrow.' You'll enjoy it, I am sure."

"I'm sure I should. And say, did you notice all the space devoted to the school organizations?"

"Yes, and I like especially the Orchestra Notes. Did you see this:

"'What musical instrument produces the foot note?

"'The shoe horn, I guess.'

"Pretty clever, that."

"All the jokes are good. 'Athletics' shows the interest that the students at Louisville's Boys' High School take in sports. The cuts scattered through this department make it still more interesting."

"Here's something new in Exchanges, too. The exchange editors surely don't mind work, do they?

They deserve to be complimented on their originality."

"While you're passing out bouquets, don't forget the art editors. It seems to me that much of the fine appearance of the paper is due to the clever and original cuts. Altogether, nothing but good can be said of the *Kernel,* and I, for one, hope to see it again, soon."

"Here's a neighbor of ours, the *Optimist,* from South Side High School."

OPTIMIST, SOUTH SIDE HIGH SCHOOL, NEWARK.

"Let's see what the 'Sunny Siders' have to say for themselves. Hey, what are you laughing at?"

"A joke, of course. What does one usually laugh at?"

"Read it aloud, I want to laugh, too."

"Here it is:

" First Boarder—Please pass me the algebra.

" 'Second Boarder—Why do you call this stuff algebra? (Passing the hash.)

" 'First Boarder—Because it contains so many unknown quantities.' "

"The *Optimist* lives up to its name in the Exchange Department. They pick out the good things in each paper. They are lots more considerate than we are."

"The Personals are good, too, and, what's more, there are lots of them."

"From Newark to El Paso, Texas. It sounds like the title of a book, doesn't it? It's exactly what has happened, though, for here we are at El Paso High School."

TATLER, EL PASO HIGH SCHOOL, TEXAS.

" 'It pays to advertise,' but advertisements are very poor reading matter. The *Tatler* would be improved if the advertisements were kept together, and not mingled with the reading matter."

"Yes, the arrangement of the paper is at fault. But 'Organizations' is worthy of praise; in fact, I think it is the best department in the whole paper."

"Oh, I don't know, the jokes are pretty good."

"Yes, those that are in are good, but there are not enough of them. I also notice that the Exchange Department is conspicuous by its absence. All the departments should be lengthened."

"Here's a neat looking paper, the *Tradesman,* from the High School of Commerce, Boston. Have you looked it over?"

TRADESMAN, HIGH SCHOOL OF COMMERCE, BOSTON.

"Yes, and, for one thing, I don't think that the literature reaches the standard set up by the rest of the paper. For instance, 'Literature' does not compare with 'Graduate Notes.' "

"That department devoted to 'grads' must increase the sale of the paper immensely."

"I believe you remarked that the paper was neat. I think I've discovered the cause of all this neatness. There are no advertisements at all in this paper. I don't see how they do it."

"I don't either. Say, did you see this:

" 'Freshman (in the lunch room)—What is this, madam?

" 'Waitress—It's bean soup.

" 'Freshman—I don't care what it has been, I want to know what it is now.' "

"That's a good one, and there are several others just as good. The 'Athletics' are good, but if the information were given in more detail, the department would be greatly improved."

"There is much niftiness to the quality of the paper which these people from the Short Course Business High School put into their *Record.* The war doesn't seem to bother them. 'A Romance and a Gentleman Thief' is a truly interesting story."

COMMERCIAL RECORD, SHORT COURSE BUSINESS HIGH SCHOOL, PITTSBURGH, PENNNSYLVANIA.

"The literature *is* good, but, where—oh—where are the exchanges? No acknowledgments, no comments!"

"The jokes are dandy, though, you must admit."

"Yes, they are good. Here is one I just read:

" 'What two fruits go best together?'

" 'A date with a peach.' "

"On the whole, this paper is a good one."

"Nothing is so good that it couldn't be better, and certainly a few cuts would make this paper better."

"Here is another paper from our own city. The cover design is appropriate for a Technical school, isn't it?"

THE FRATECH, NEWARK TECHNICAL SCHOOL.

"Let me see it, and I'll tell you. Yes, it certainly is a nifty cover. The paper, on the whole, though, could stand improvement. More attention should be given to departmental arrangement. I like a paper that contains a few cuts, too, don't you?"

"That's a cute name they have for their joke department, 'Pats, Pokes, and Punches.' "

"It is clever. They certainly live up to their motto, 'Charity toward none; malice for all.' I don't know when I read such snappy personals. This department is the best in the paper, to my mind."

"It is mighty queer that a paper of this kind devotes no space at all to its exchanges."

"Nor to literature, either."

"Is *Red and Black* as good as usual?"

"Yes, it is; but I have a couple of criticisms to make. 'Literary' should precede the Editorials. 'Humour' is a very fine department, but could be improved by the addition of more jokes and a few cartoons."

RED AND BLACK, READING, PA.

"Cartoons do add a lot to a paper. The cuts in the *Red and Black* are splendid, especially the department headings."

"'Athletics' is a complete department, as is 'Alumni Notes.'"

"The comments in the 'Exchanges' are good, but I wonder why they have no list of all the exchanges?"

"This looks pretty good. Too many advertisements in the front, however. A book looks much better if you put these toward the back, I think."

THE OWL, PARK RIDGE HIGH SCHOOL, NEW JERSEY.

"So do I. What is it?"

"*The Owl* from the Park Ridge High School, New Jersey. There's lots of good material in it, but a little more attention to arrangement would improve it."

"Yes, I think you're right about that. Jingles is a pretty fine department. I've read several of the jokes before and they're not labeled 'Exchange.'"

"H'm—listen to this, will you:

"'She—Oh, dear, do you know Jarmine got the cutest little table for her birthday. All you have to do is press a lever and it changes into a desk.'

"'He—That's nothing; all I had to do was to press the steering wheel on my auto and it turned into a telephone post.'"

"How are the exchanges?"

"They're all right, but not enough comment, as usual."

"That's the trouble with most of these papers."

"Have you read the *Observer?*"

"Yes. Not a bad paper, is it?"

"No, but it certainly can be improved. There are two few personals for one thing. There should be a distinct department devoted to 'Personals.' And the Exchange Department. I wonder why a few exchanges are not received."

OBSERVER.

"But, say, the Literature is good for so small a paper, isn't it?"

"I agree with you there. If the other departments were developed as nicely as that one, the paper would be much better."

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(*Continued from page 9.*)

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And last, but not least, we leave to you all the curiculum through which we have passed with such distinction and from which we have extracted all the nectar.

We nominate and appoint Mr. Wayland E. Stearns to be our executor.

In witness whereof we hereby set our seal this thirty-first day of January, in the year of our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Seventeen.

(Signed) HALSEY W. STICKEL,
Attorney.

Witnesses:
MR. FRANK GAYLORD GILMAN.
MISS MIRIAM SMITH.

(*Cintinued from page 67.*)

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25. Biggest Bluffer (boy)—Philip Whitlock.
26. Biggest Pull (girl)—Myra Kohn.
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(*Continued from page* 60.)

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Pittinger, Alva. "Night's candles are burnt out."

Shalit, Harry. "Some, for renown, on scraps of learning (?) dote, and think they grow immortal as they quote."

Smith, Cecil. "Though I am young I scorn to flit, on the wings of borrowed wit."

Smith, Ogden. "He prays your speedy payments."

Spinner, Alexander. "Whatever a sceptic inquires for, for every why he had a wherefore."

Stickel, Halsey. "A blush on the face is better than a blot on the heart."

Vanderhoof, Mildred. "I awoke one morning and found myself famous."

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New York Prep. School
S. Orgo & Sons
Park Avenue Pharmacy
Philips Bros.
Potter's
Premier Print Shop
Harry Quinn
J. R. Rickenbacher
Roseville Masonic Hall
Rutkin
Geo. Schade
S. Schlink
A. Schwarz
F. Sheridan
A. Spalding & Sons
Specialty Paper Box Co.
Steger & Son
H. Strubbe
Wardell Steam Laundry